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VOL. 31.

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Eleventh of the Improv'd Work

THE Sporting Magazine, OR MONTHLY CALENDAR,

OF THE

TRANSACTIONS OF

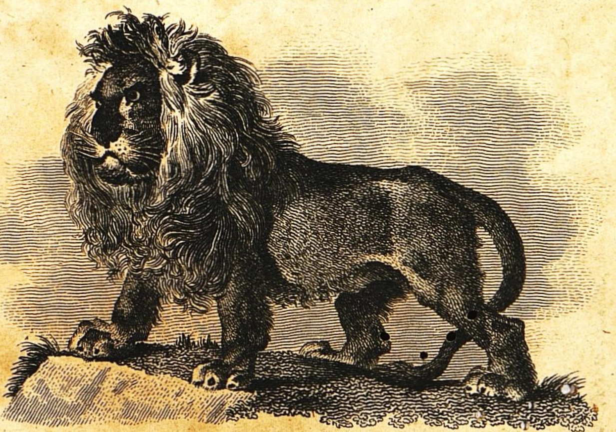
THE TURF, THE CHASE,

And every other Diversion

Interesting to the

Man of Pleasure, Enterprize, & Spirit.

VOL. 31.



London

Printed for J. Wheble, 18, Warwick Square.

1808.

THE

SPORTING MAGAZINE;

OR,

MONTHLY CALENDAR

OF THE

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OF

THE TURF, THE CHASE,

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THE MAN OF PLEASURE, ENTERPRISE, AND SPIRIT.

OCTOBER, 1807.

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LONDON:

PRINTED FOR THE PROPRIETORS,

By J. Pittman, Warwick Square;

AND SOLD BY J. WHEBLE, 18, WARWICK SQUARE; C. CHAPPLE, 66, PALL MALL;
J. BOOTH, DUKE-STREET, PORTLAND PLACE; JOHN HILTON, NEWMARKET;
AND BY ALL THE BOOKSELLERS IN TOWN AND COUNTRY.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

WE are much obliged by the communication from Lipson Hall, respecting the Oswestry Races. Although our Racing Calendar is never copied from newspapers, &c. we shall, notwithstanding, attend sedulously to this gentleman's information.

Tally-Ho! from Haddington, wishes W. P. to give a description of the late Lord Grosvenor's Racing Stud and Stallions, and that some of our readers would send us the celebrated Hunting Song, "A Southerly Wind and a Cloudy Sky proclaim a Hunting Morning." His hint, relative to accounts of the most celebrated Fox-Chases, will not be overlooked in the approaching season.

The Anecdotes from H. P. came too late for insertion this month: so did the Advertisement from a Kentish Paper.

Our friend Abraham Brown will perceive the Hare's Elegy—the first article in the poetical department.

Gentlemen disposed to favour the Publisher of this Magazine with Original Paintings of Sporting Subjects, are assured that the utmost care shall be taken of them, and of their being safely returned. The Engravings thus taken, will be executed by the most approved Artists, and in the first style of excellence.

J. Russell Esq. pinx[t]. W. Nicholls sculp.

THE DOGS FIRST SIGHT OF HIMSELF.

THE

SPORTING MAGAZINE;

FOR OCTOBER, 1807.

THE DOG'S FIRST SIGHT OF HIMSELF.

An Engraving.

AN Explanation of the above Plate (which we are obliged to omit this month for want of room), will be given in our next Number.

SUMMARY OF NEWMARKET SECOND OCTOBER MEETING.

(Details in Racing Calendar next Month.)

MONDAY, Oct. 12.—Sweepstakes of 50gs. each, was won by Mr. Vansittart's Momentilla, beating Lord Grosvenor's Bullrush, and Lord F. G. Osborne's Matilda. —One-third of a subscription of 25gs. each (third year) was won by Mr. D. Radcliffe's Orville, beating the Duke of Grafton's Parasol.—Mr. Payne's Fawn beat Mr. Lake's Citizen, 100gs.—Mr. Payne's Ferdinand beat Mr. Mellish's Susan, 200gs.—Mr. Wyndham's c. by Schedoni, beat Mr. Watson's Charmer, 200gs. — General Gower's Swinley, beat Lord Sackville's Enchanter, 200gs.—Mr. D. Radcliffe's Sir David, beat Mr. Fermor's Hippomenes, 200gs. —Mr. Craven's Bronze, beat the Duke of Grafton's Musician, 200gs.—Lord Grosvenor's Violante, beat Mr. Arthur's Brainworm, 200gs.

TUESDAY.—Fifty Pounds for 2-yr olds, was won by Lord Jersey's b. c. by Waxy, beating Mr. Mellish's Susan, and five others.—Sweepstakes of 50gs. each, h. ft. was won by Mr. Kellerman's L'huile de Venus, beating Mr. Lake's b. f. by Gouty, and four others.

WEDNESDAY.—The first class of the October Oatland Stakes was won by Mr. Wyndham's Canopus, beating Lord Stawell's Deceiver, and three others; a good race; 5 to 1 against Canopus, 4 to 1 against Deceiver.—The Town Plate of 50l. was won by Mr. Crouch's ch. f. by Ambrosio, beating Mr. Watson's Charmer, and four others; a good race: 6 to 4 against Charmer.

THURSDAY. — Mr. Wyndham's Mouse, beat Mr. Vansittart's Currycomb, 200gs. h. ft.—Mr. Ladbroke's Merrythought, beat Mr. Lake's Tim, 50gs. h. ft; 6 to 4 against Mouse, 2 to 1 against Merrythought.— The second class of the October Oatland Stakes, was won by Mr. Kellerman's L'huile de Venus, beating Mr. Wyndham's Mouse, Lord Grosvenor's Meteora, Mr. Andrew's Lydia, and Lord Jersey's Langton; 4 to 1 against the winner.—Lord Grosvenor's Violante, received 80gs. from Mr. Arthur's Brainworm, 200gs. h. ft.—Mr. Fermor's Pelisse, received 50gs. from Lord Sackville's Enchanter, 200gs. h. ft.—Mr. Beaver's b. f. by Stamford, against Mr. Bradley's Prodigal,

Prodigal, 100gs. went off by consent.

Friday.—Mr. C. Brown's Woodman, beat Mr. Ladbroke's Woodcock, 25gs.; 2 to 1 against Woodman.—Mr. Lake's Citizen, beat Lord Jersey's Ipswich, 200gs. h. ft. 5 to 2 against Citizen.—Duke of Grafton's Musician, beat Lord Foley's Chaise-and-One, 200gs. h. ft. 11 to 10 on Musician.—Mr. Payne's Ferdinand, beat Mr. Craven's Bronze, 200gs.; 5 to 4 againt Ferdinand.—Mr. Wyndham's Canopus, beat Mr. Arthur's Zodiac, 100gs; 5 to 4 against Canopus.—The third class of the October Oatland Stakes was won by Mr. Radcliffe's Selim, beating Mr. Lake's Gaiety, Lord Foley's Captain Absolute, General Gower's Swinley, and Mr. Watson's Dreadnought; 6 to 4 on Selim.—Mr. Beaver's b. f. by Stamford, against Mr. Bradley's Prodigal, went off by consent.

NEWMARKET THIRD OCTOBER, OR HOUGHTON MEETING, 1807.

Monday.—Lord Sackville's Prospero, beat Mr. Payne's Tudor, 50gs.; 2 to 1 on Prospero.—Lord Foley's Pipylina, beat Mr. Arthur's Wretch, 100gs.; 6 to 4 against Pipylina.—Mr. Vansittart's Momentilla, beat Mr. Lake's Nymphina, 100gs. h. ft; 7 to 4 against Momentilla.—Lord Foley's Blowing, beat Mr. Arthur's Brainworm, 200gs.; 6 to 4 on Blowing.—Mr. Fermor's Cerberus, beat Lord Sackville's Bustard, 500gs. h. ft.; 11 to 1 on Cerberus.—Mr. D. Radcliffe's Sir David, received 120gs. from Mr. Fermor's Hippomenes, 300gs. h. ft.—Lord Grosvenor's Ferdinand, against Lord Foley's Chaise-and-One, 200gs. h. ft. went off by consent.—Mr. Mellish's Luck's-all, beat Mr. Craven's Frances, 100gs—Mr. D. Radcliffe's brother to Houghton-Lass, received forfeit from Mr. Fermor's Stripling, 200gs. h. ft.—The Gog-Magog Stakes of 100gs each, h. ft. Mr. D. Radcliffe's sister to Castrel, received forfeit from Lord Grosvenor's Musidora; General Grosvenor's Briseis, and Lord F. G. Osborne's Sourkrout, paid.

Tuesday.—Fifty Pounds for all ages, was won by Mr. Sitwell's br. c. Goblet, brother to Bumper, beating Mr. Goulburn's b. f. Epsom-Lass, Mr. Williams's ch. f. by Ambrosio, Mr. Lake's ch. f. Marybella, Mr. Prince's b. c. brother to Woodman, Mr. Goodisson's b. c. Foxberry, Mr. Watson's ch. c. Charmer, and Mr. Peirse's b. c. Young Hopeful, by Expectation; 7 to 2 against Goblet, 7 to 4 agst Epsom-Lass, and 4 to 1 against Foxberry.—Mr. Fermor's Hippomenes, received 20gs. from Mr. Arthur's Wormwood, 100gs. h. ft.

FOOT RACE,

BETWEEN CAPTAIN BARCLAY AND WOOD.

THIS match, between Abraham Wood, the celebrated Lancashire pedestrian, and Captain Barclay, (wherein the former undertook to give the latter 20 miles in a race of 24 hours expected continuance) attracted together the greatest concourse of persons ever seen at Newmarket, in the memory of the oldest inhabitant.—Carriages of every description were innumerable, from the barouche in four to a dicky cart, and the horsemen and pedestrians exceed all accurate estimation

mation of numbers.—The place chosen for the performance of this extraordinary exertion, was a single measured mile, on the left hand side of the first mile of the turnpike road leading from Newmarket to London, towards the Ditch, which mile was roped in, and the competitors both ran on the same ground.—They started precisely at eight o'clock on Monday morning; when, after going forty miles, Wood resigned the contest, which has created considerable surprise and murmuring among the *cognoscenti*. The following is an accurate account of the race:—

WOOD.		BARCLAY.	
Hours.	Miles.	Hours.	Miles.
1	8	1	6
2	7	2	6
3	7	3	6
4	6½	4	6
5	6	5	6
6	5½	6	6

The above is the number of hours the pedestrians performed out of 24 hours. Wood made play at starting, and, as it will be seen above, went eight miles in an hour. He continued at a lounging run for three hours, when the odds, which were three to one against him at starting, were reduced to about seven to four. He got off one mile in the first half hour, having performed four miles in one minute less than that time. He performed twenty miles in two hours and forty-one minutes, and, in coming in the twenty-two miles in three hours, he had got off four miles of the twenty he had given the Captain, and both came in together. After having gone twenty-four miles in three hours and sixteen minutes, Wood took some refreshment, for five minutes, in a marquee at the starting-post, opposite to that of Captain Barclay. He rested again ten minutes after having gone thirty-two miles: he laid himself down, and appeared a little fatigued. His time was spent in having his ancles and body rubbed; and on his leaving his marquee, he appeared without his shoes. The next four miles he fell off in his pace, and was above twenty minutes going two miles.

Wood's feet were cut without his shoes, and he put them on; but, after having gone forty miles in six hours and twenty minutes he retired to his marquee; and it was shortly after communicated to the spectators that he had resigned the match.

Captain Barclay pursued a steady course of six miles an hour, without varying a minute. He stopped and took some warm fowl, after having gone eighteen miles, and he stopped again after having gone the other eighteen miles; and it was whilst he was taking other refreshments, that Wood resigned the contest. The Captain, however, ran four other miles, to decide some bets.

This race caused considerable surprise, as it was known to most people present, that Wood had done forty miles in less than five hours, only a few months since, and from other concurring circumstances, the sporting men declined paying their bets. It, however, was manifest, that there was no collusion between the Captain and the other party.

Capt. Barclay found himself rather fatigued, although he expressed his opinion that he could continue for one hundred miles. Two surgeons attended Wood after the race, and it was their opinion that he could not have gone many more miles, as he was feverish.

At

The surprise alluded to above, with respect to Wood's losing, and the scruples of some of the sporting men as to paying their bets, were pretty well accounted for by what transpired a few days after the race. It should be observed, that when the match was first made, Captain Barclay refused to make it without a gentleman was concerned for Wood, and after such was sought for, a publican in the vicinity of Spitalfields was brought forward, to make this match with the Captain. He stood 150l. of the stake-money; but he was well known never to have risked 20l. on any event which was uncertain.—It had been known that Wood had gone fifty miles in seven hours whilst training, and on a wet day, and he was desirous of continuing his journey, in a state very fresh, but he was stopped, lest he should injure himself by the unfavourable state of the weather. He had also done forty miles at Brighton in five hours, and he is now offered to be backed to do considerably more.—It has been said, that Wood was ill when he resigned, and we can only, in reply to this, (says a correspondent) state, in the words of an unfortunate countryman "that Abraham (meaning Wood) was not worth a farthing after he came out of the canteen" (the marquee in which he rested after having gone 22 miles). It is, however, manifest, that Captain Barclay had not the slightest suspicion of any collusion. The regular frequenters of Newmarket said the bets ought to be paid, although they were of opinion the race was thrown over, or a man may at any time get off his bets. It was the opinion of Sir Charles Bunbury, and other distinguished sportsmen, that men should not bet on a foot-race; but if they did such things, they ought to pay. The sporting men from London protested against such doctrine, and declared off. They still agreed with their Newmarket brethren that *crosses* should be paid amongst them at all times, or it would stagnate the system; for if they adopted the contrary plan, there would be little money stirring; but for them to pay on such a pretence would be to make them ridiculous. The majority of the bets, however, were refused to be paid.

The disputes on this head were finally settled at Tattersal's, on Monday, the 12th, when, after some argumentative discourse, it was the opinion of a very considerable majority, that the bets ought not to be paid. With respect to the imposition, there was but one opinion, and it is also known, that a prepared liquid, *alias* laudanum, was administered to Wood after he had gone twenty-two miles. It was loudly whispered, that the publican should be indicted for a conspiracy, and that the prosecution should be carried on by subscription. The report of Wood having been backed again is not true.

Captain Barclay is the lineal descendant of the celebrated author of "The Apology for the Quakers." He is of a family remarkable for athletic exercises. His father, the late Barclay of Urie, who represented Kincardine, used to walk every Session of Parliament from Scotland to London, and could perform the journey as soon as the ordinary stages of that time; but he frequently deviated from the direct road, in order to attend any fair which happened to be held at the time. Dressed like a plain farmer, he mingled freely in all the rural sports usual at these meetings, particularly

ticularly cudgel-playing and wrestling, and won many a prize hat in his progress to St. Stephen's Chapel.

The grandfather of Mr. Barclay was still more powerful. His muscular strength was such, that he has been seen to fling a horse that had strayed into his grounds at Urie, over the wall. To this gentleman, Scotland is indebted for setting the example of improved farming.

Another correspondent says, Captain Barclay is as stout and nimble a *feeder* as he is a *walker*; for on his way down to Newmarket, he ordered a leg of mutton, weighing eight pounds, to be but little roasted, at the Coach and Horses, Newport, the whole of which he picked clean to the bone, within the short space of ten minutes!

It is added, that the issue of the pedestrian feat at Newmarket is so little satisfactory to the amateurs, that a new opponent is to be started against Captain Barclay.—Lieutenant Fairman, who has already proved his prowess upon the turf, will be backed for any sum against the Captain, taking precisely the same odds he required from Wood. Without attempting to attribute any thing like a cross to the parties, the laurel of England is not to be won by the Captain without winning it at a dearer rate, because, when the prize is to be contended for by two gentlemen, there must be an absolute security that every exertion, consistent with honour, will take place.

Wood, a few days after the race, received rather rough usage at a public house in Cambridge. Some of the company put out the lights, and kicked him out of the room.

The *Manchester Volunteer*, of Oct. 24, says—"Abraham Wood, (whom some of the London papers of Thursday last prematurely dispatched to "that bourne from whence no traveller returns") arrived in this town on Saturday night, in good health, on his journey homewards. He resides in the neighbourhood of Oldham."

Wood was doubtless the innocent dupe of his associates, who, to give a show to their designing practices, laid a few bets in his favour of no very considerable amount, but procured, by their agents, large bets for considerable sums against him.

We find the following article in the *Norwich Mercury* of Oct. 24:—"Mr. Webster and Captain Barclay, who have challenged the public attention to their celebrity in the pedestrian and equestrian world, were both quartered in this garrison, the former in his Majesty's 11th regiment of light dragoons, and the latter in the 23d regiment of foot, or Royal Welch Fusileers. With regard to Mr. Webster, we can assert nothing of our own knowledge, more than what has been communicated by the public papers; but a brief narration of some of Captain Barclay's feats whilst here, will not be unworthy of notice. Captain B. offered, but which was not accepted, a bet of 1000 guineas, that he would lift from the ground the weight of half a ton, and in order to try the experiment, he obtained a number of weights, which were fastened together by a rope through the rings, when he lifted 21 half-hundred weights and a quarter of a hundred. He afterward, with a *straight arm*, three a half-hundred-weight a distancw of eight yards, and over his head the same weight a distance of five yards. In the mess-room, a gentleman of the same regiment, who, it is said, weighed 18 stone, (14lbs.

(14 lbs. to the stone.) stood upon Capt. B.'s right hand, and being steadied by his left, he thus took him up and set him upon the table. Capt. B. also offered a bet of 1000 guineas that no man in England could go on foot 100 miles in 100 successive hours, confined, however to start the distance at the commencement of every hour. It has been said, that for the recent match against Wood, Capt. B. was under training by several pedestrians, when, in short, his systematic daily regimen, and various athletic exercises, must have rendered such training merely nominal, for the purpose of conforming to the rule of etiquette."

PIGEON SHOOTING.

THIS article not being received till after another on the same subject had gone to the press, in page 39, prevents their being classed under one head.

A match was made on Tuesday, Oct. 20, between Herriot and King, skilful shots, who had exhibited about two months since, and destroyed a great number of birds in shooting off ties, to shoot again for 100 guineas, at 19 pigeons, and on the 28th inst. the parties met on Finchley Common. Bettings were about level. In the last match each of the parties killed 19 birds, but their skill fell very short of that in the present instance. King, who is a game-keeper, missed the first and second, and the ninth, eleventh, and twelfth birds, and yet was a winner without shooting out the match. Mr. Herriot killed his first, and missed the next four, one of which fell out of bounds. He killed the sixth and seventh, and missed three others. After King had killed his fifteenth pigeon, he won the match, his adversary not being within making a tie, if he had killed all his remaining shots.

BOXING.

A Very determined obstinate pitched battle was fought on Wednesday, at the village of Heazeley, near Blackwater, for a stake of 50 guineas, between Flowers, the fighting coachman, who, by his former exhibitions, had acquired some celebrity, and an athletic man, about six feet in height, of the name of Jonas, who travels the country as a chair-maker, and a noted professor of gymnastic exercises. The parties had a dispute at a country fair, which led to this combat, which was as obstinate a one as stands on record.

The contest commenced in favour of the coachman, who in the first few rounds convinced his adversary that his notion of boxing was not theoretical, for he kept stopping and advancing until he got to a good hitting length, when he rallied furiously, and put in some tremendous blows. He, however, was often stopped by Jonas, who in return hit round and aukwardly, but swiftly.

The coachman had been hit so much about the 9th, 10th, and 11th rounds, that it required a good judge to tell who had the best of the battle. Flowers did not fall off, but his adversary improved; they continued to fight till, at the end of the 50th round, by nature it was suspended for ten minutes. After waiting the above time the combat was renewed for half an hour longer, when the coachman gave in, after having won nine successive battles. The battle lasted two hours within five minutes.

FEAST

FEAST OF WIT, ECCENTRICITIES, &c.

A Man who has been in the habit of attending the sales at Garraway's, and absolutely living on the cake and wine given at the auctions, was noticed by a wag there, a few days ago, who affixed a label to his back, on which he inscribed, "The *dépôt* for eleemosynary cake and wine."

A gentleman lately advertised, that his premises were to be sold; and that they might be viewed—with the *permission* of his *wife!*

A foreign writer observes, that a man in England thinks as little of *borrowing his neighbour's wife* as he does of *borrowing a book*.

A Methodist Preacher told his congregation, a few Sundays ago, "that the apartments of Satan were filled with *cards* and *dice*, and that *Hoyle* was the only book in his library."

A Frenchman's advertisement, in a Boston Paper, runs in the following singular strain:—"*Lost*, last evening, a *child* about five years old: whoever will return him to his home, in Fore-street, shall be handsomely rewarded by his afflicted father, Jean Baptiste, who *likewise deals in French brandy*."

Mal-Entendue.—That a man may be a very worthy Magistrate, and yet know nothing of Latin or Greek, is a truism constantly evinced by many of our worshipful *Sages* at Guildhall. One of the most worthy of these, but who, unfortunately, is a little hard of hearing, had, some days since, brought before him, an unfortunate *Scotch Tutor*, who had been making rather too free over-night with Whitbread's *British Falernian*, and was found by the watch "*recubans sub tegmine fagi*," or, in plain English, drunk and fast asleep under a porter's pitching-block in the street. The constable of the night having stated his charge, the worthy Magistrate put the usual question—"Well, my friend, what have you to say for yourself?"—Sandy *boo'd*; but reckoning on his *learning* as a certain protection against the consequences of his frailty, he addressed the Magistrate in a penitent tone and Edinburgh accent—"*Ma Lord, I'm an unfort'nit mon, tes true; but,*

"*Nemo mortalium* omnibus hooris saupit."

The worthy Alderman stared.—"Eh! what! What's that he says about *wh—s* in a *sawpit?* Harkee, my good friend! *sawpits* are very improper places for you to go into with such company. I'll discharge you for this time; but never come here again with such a story."

A clergyman in the diocese of Chester, has married 780 couple, baptised 3750 children, buried 2850 dead, read the church service 6750 times, and preached 2000 sermons.

WHEN TOM displays his Chain and Seals,
You'd think his time is kept correct;
'Tis no such thing—the gold reveals
A ninny—you would not suspect.
The Watch is but to shew the Chain,
It has no guts—and he no brain.

A GENTLEMAN, a short time since, saw a coachman shamefully maltreat a pair of fine horses in a carriage. Having learnt that the equipage belonged to a *lady of distinction*, he waited upon her, and imparted to her the brutal conduct of the coachman towards her horses. "Dear Sir," replied this amiable woman, "I am equally indebted to you for your polite regard to my interests; but it happens, fortunately for me, that the horses are *only Jobs!*"

A COCKNEY sportsman sent a basket of game to a friend, with a label affixed, on which was written, "a couple of *airs*, and a brace of *peasants*."

AN Irish Attorney going to dinner, left this direction in the keyhole of his door, a practice not uncommon:—"Gone out, for an hour only; if you can't read this, take it to the stationer's, at the corner."

GREAT surprise being expressed to a certain gentleman, at his having recently given his daughter in marriage to a gentleman with whom he was known to have been at variance and enmity; he answered—That man used me ill; and I gave him my daughter in *revenge*—in pure vengeance.

CALEB Quot'em Secundus, of New Windsor.—Sworn Appraiser Auctioneer—Schoolmaster—Engraver—Watchmaker—Letter-sender—Undertaker—Plumber, Painter, and Glazier—Apothecary—Dentist—Surgeon and Man-midwife—Parish Clerk—Sexton and Grave Digger—Bug-destroyer to his Majesty, and Flea-catcher in general—Truss-making, in all its branches—Letters upon every subject read, written, and explained, and epitaphs composed characteristic of the defunct.—Boys genteely whip'd, and educated in the *fundamental* parts of Geography—Astronomy—Fiddling—Fencing—Greek—Hebrew—Dancing—and the rest of the living languages, by proxy—and initiated into the mysteries of literature, from the metaphysical disquisitions of Longinus, and the histories of Alexander the Great—Ajax Telamon—and little Junius Brutus, to the biographical memoirs of Thomas Thumb, of Thumb Hall, in Northumberland-shire.

Men and women cured and buried.
Legs and arms made and mended.
Gentlemen and turkies trussed and dressed.
Ladies and letters safely delivered.
Landscapes and teeth easily drawn.
Characters and windows patched up.
Law and packing-cases made and expounded.
Horses and children fired and inoculated.
Puppies and boys wormed and taught.
"Young ideas," and soldiers, "taught to shoot."
Lodgers and customers taken in.
Fleas and gentlemen catched and waited on.
And boys genteely taught the vulgar tongue.

N. B. Horses, dogs, sows, men, women, and children, and every other animal whatever, phlebotomised by Caleb and assistants.

A large

A large assortment of Greek manuscripts, Alderney cows, antique vases, and pewter plates, now on sale at the auction-room round the corner.

THE BACCHANALIAN RIVALS.

TWO *Actors*, who jovially bow to the shrine
Of the God who presides o'er the fruit of the vine,
In order the bill most attractive to make,
Disputed what plays they should mutually take;
Till at length (surely tippling gives exquisite pleasure)
They sat down, and agreed to take *Measure for Measure*. BIBO.

JACK Ketch, being summoned to the Court of Conscience for a small debt, was asked how he meant to pay it? The answer was, "Why, an please your honour, as I know the plaintiff and his family well, I'll *work* it out for him in my own *line*."

SINGULAR Recommendation.—A sailor meeting with a Negro, who had a remarkably small pig under his arm, asked him the price of it. "Half-a-guinea, Massa," was the answer. "Half-a-guinea for a pig of that age, you black scoundrel!"—"Ah, Massa," replied the other, "him be very *little*, but him be dam *old*."

THE master of a respectable grammar-school, in a large town in the north of England, took one of his pupils to task about his going so frequently to the *play*.—"Who (says he) supplies you with money for that purpose?"—"Sir (replied the boy), I go with the *barber*."—"And does *he treat* you, night by night?"—"No, sir, he *dresses wigs upon me*."—"Well, (exclaimed the master) I have long *thought*, and now you *convince* me, that you are a complete BLOCK-*head*."

QUOTH Bet, "Since I have thought at all,
I've form'd this steadfast rule,
Let whate'er other ill befall,
Never to wed a fool."

Says Jack, "Then nothing can, I fear,
From being single save you;
For take my word upon't, my dear,
None but a *fool* will have you!"

ONE of the black musicians belonging to the Guards, being accosted in the Strand a few days since, with "Well blackie, what news from the devil?" knocked the fellow down who asked the question, with this laconic and appropriate answer, "He send you dat: how you like it?"

TWO Jews have lately been distinguished, one for his skill in pugilism, the other for his fondness for the fair sex. A gentleman being asked "to what *tribe* they belonged?" answered—"I rather think one is a *Hittite*, the other an *Amorite*."

AN Irishman who lately fought a pitched battle, was reproached by some of his countrymen for losing the battle. "And sure, you got nothing by it," observed one of his comrades. "Indeed, but I did," replied the well-drubbed poor fellow; "and didn't I *get* a good *bating*."

PROCLAMATION of an Irish Fair, written by the Parish Schoolmaster.—This, by order of the Justices, is to acquaint the *swinish multitude*, that the great pig fair of Mullinterry will be held without fail on Thursday next. And whereas many young fellows, who are accustomed

tomed to frequent this fair, are of such a cross-grained, wrangling, jangling disposition, that if one of these fellows can get nobody else to fight with, he will fight with himself, and then come off only *second best.* It is well known, that when the liquor gets *in,* the wit flies *out,* and then they sit grinding their teeth, sharpening their knuckles, or winding their shillalies, to the great terror of big-bellied women and children. When these unruly chaps have tugged and lugged, and beat and pounded one another to jelly, they lay the fault on the whiskey! a good *crature,* that dances in the glass—warms the heart of old and young; sparkles to the eyes of Norah—and fills every booth with songs and jokes;—but these restless fellows would rather crack *heads* than crack *jokes,* whilst the very women run into the battle, and fight with *barelegged arms* like so many furies. Now the Justices are determined to put an end to these *amusements,* for what can a man think of himself when he comes to his senses, to find that he has lost the sight of one eye looking for another; that his nose is as flat as a flounder; that his teeth leaped down his throat with a simple box; and that he has brought home a receipt on his back in *black* and *blue,* for a saucy word, or an impudent look?—The Justices, therefore, are resolved to send every man to gaol that breaks the King's peace, as well as every woman that takes the law in her own *hands;* so that every man who wishes to save his *bacon* at the *pig* fair of Mullinterry, should take notice of this proclamation.—Signed by me, JOHN DELANY.

A MOST ungenerous hoax was lately practised upon the keepers of boarding-schools, &c. and which produced a most ludicrous scene at Stevens's Hotel, in Bond-street.—Some wag had sent a letter to every schoolmaster within ten miles of London, inviting an interview on a certain day, between two and three o'clock, as "*business*" rendered every other day inconvenient. Each letter complimented the conductor of the "*seminary,*" and informed the keeper of the "*academy,*" that the writer of the letter proposed placing his two nephews, from Bengal, under his care.—Most of the D. D.'s, M. A.'s, and eminent professors of the birch, who had been addressed by WILLIAM HERBERT, Esq. (the assumed name of the author), were punctual in their attendance.—The room into which they were at first shewn was soon found unable to contain them—a larger one was proposed—explanations came on—the letters were compared, and found quite uniform in their orthography; and the assembly, which now amounted to between sixty and seventy, broke up very awkwardly. Many others, who were less punctual, made their appearance in the afternoon, vexing and teazing the waiters with enquiries for Mr. Herbert, to the no small amusement, it may be conceived, of the author of the hoax.

SOME time since, a party from Gray's-Inn-Lane dined at the Toy, at Hampton Court, and, among the number, a gentleman whom we shall call *Boniface.*—This *genius* had laid a wager that he would go down in a *hearse,* which he actually did, and returned in the same vehicle. On his way, he literally stopped at *Death's Door* (the house of a publican of that name on the road); and at Kingston frightened

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an old woman almost into fits, by popping his head out of the front of his travelling machine, and calling for refreshment. In short, this eccentric character is, among his acquaintance, termed one of the queerest *Hicks* they know in town.

LABOURING for a Pun.—At the last Hampshire Assizes, an action was brought by a man of the name of Gold against another of the name of Stephens, for an assault. In the course of the trial Mr. Jekyl asked the defendant what his trade was? to which he replied, he was a *Butcher*. "I should have thought," said the *witty* Counsel, "you had been a *Gold-beater*."

INDIAN ANECDOTE.—An old American savage being at an inn in New York, met with a gentleman who gave him some liquor, and being rather lively, boasted he could read and write English.—The gentleman, willing to indulge him in displaying his knowledge, begged leave to propose a question, to which the old man consenting, he was asked, who was the first circumcised? The Indian immediately replied Father Abraham; and directly asked the gentleman, who was the first Quaker? He said it was very uncertain; that people differed in their sentiments exceedingly. The Indian perceiving the gentleman unable to resolve the question, put his fingers on his lips, to express his surprise, and looking stedfastly, told him, that Mordecai was the first Quaker, for he would not pull off his hat to Haman!

A GASCON *qui pro quo*.—Two of Napoleon's officers, from Gascony, disputing, a short time since, in the garrison of Boulogne, upon some topic of the day, one of them unhandsomely contradicted the other, by saying, "that's not true; I know the whole affair much better." The asserter of the fact instantly said—"You are very bold, Sir, to dare to give me the lie; if I was a little nearer to you I would box your ears to teach you better manners; and you may consider the blow as already given." Their brother officers present were alarmed for the consequence, but the other Gascon, assuming a serious air, rejoined—"And I, Sir, to punish you for your insolence, now run you through the body; so consider yourself dead." The singularity of the repartee pleased the whole company, and naturally produced an immediate reconciliation, *à-la-Gascon!*

ADVERTISEMENTS Extraordinary.—From the Ulster Gazette.——"Wants a Place—As Butler, in the family of any Nobleman or Gentleman of fortune, a dashing young fellow, aged twenty-five years, six feet high, and otherwise well proportioned. He must have free access to the wine cellar, and he must never be reprehended, or found fault with. He is of a pleasant, jovial, convivial disposition, and so fond of riding and all other genteel exercises, that the groom must be particularly directed to furnish him, when required, one of the best horses in the stud. No person will be treated with who does not pledge his honour to humour him, at all times, in all his propensities; and, moreover, it is requisite that whoever wishes to engage him should procure a certificate of his good temper and other amiable qualities from his last butler. The advertiser can be well recommended by half a dozen of butlers of the first families.—A line directed

directed for E. W. N. O. (post paid), at the Printer's, will be duly attended to."

THE following Advertisement appears in an American paper received a few days ago:—" Run away from his wife and helpless family, on Friday last, John Spriggs, by trade a tailor, aged 35, a wide mouth, zig-zag teeth, a nose of high-burned brick-blue, with a lofty bridge, swivel-eyed, and a scar (not an honourable one) on the left cheek. He primes and loads (that is, takes snuff and tobacco); he is so loquacious, that he tires every one in company but himself. In order that he may entrap the sinner and the saint, he carries a *Pack of Cards* in one pocket, and the *Practice of Piety* in the other; he is a great liar, and can varnish falsehood with a great deal of art. Had on, when he went away, a three-cocked hat, which, probably, he has since changed to a round one, with a blue body coat, rather on the fade. He was seen in Bennington on Saturday last, *disguised* in a clean shirt.—N.B. It is supposed that he did not go off without a companion, as he is a great favourite with the ladies.

THE following is a verbatim et literatim copy of a letter received by a gentleman in the country:—

" Agust the 24d 18007. I touk the opetunety, Let you kno That I Could tak the Wind Mill by Wek Iff you would Repar hir Littal and I would Com ovr and Tak Louk at hir If you Will send Me a lin to, &c."

THE Fortunate Dinner.—A poor unbeneficed Clergyman, being in want of a dinner, bethought himself of paying a visit to Lambeth Palace, where it was, in the days of the beer-drinking Britons, a custom from time immemorial to keep an open table for casual visitants. After he had dined, being rather dissatisfied because the servant who supplied him with victuals had entirely forgotten his *drink*, he desired the favour of pen, ink, and paper, when he wrote the following lines for his Grace's perusal:—

Pisces in disco
Mihi datur
Ab Archipisco.
Po sed non ponatur,
Quia non mihi *bibere* datur.

The Prelate, after reading the paper, sent for the writer, and desired a translation, which was immediately given:

They sent me fish
In a dish
From the Archbish.
Op is omitted here
Because there was no beer.

With this conceit his Grace was so well pleased, that he bestowed a good living upon its author.

A FELLOW was lately brought before a Magistrate, on a charge of having stolen a *Gentleman's wig*, whilst the wearer slept. The accused had the audacity to declare, " that he would have stolen the *head* also—if he thought it would have been of any value!"

THE following curious hand-bill was lately posted at Hey Chapel, near Ashton-under-Lyne:—

" *Notice*.—There will be a show of widowers, widows, and bachelors of both sexes, at Hey, in the parish of Ashton-under-Lyne, on Tuesday, the 4th of August, 1807, and every succeeding Tuesday (next after the first Saturday in August annually),

annually). To commence at two o'clock in the afternoon.

"Proper situations will be provided for both men and women, to shew themselves to each other to advantage; and when any person of either sex hath chosen a partner (if it be agreeable to both parties), they may retire, and enter the conjugal state of matrimony, without the trouble and fatigue of a formal and tedious courtship, and enjoy each other's company for life.

"Widowers, Widows, and Bachelors, broken-legg'd and sound,
Be not faint-hearted, but repair to the ground.

"N. B. It is humbly requested, that no person, male or female, will presume to attend (under the denomination of a bachelor) that is under twenty-one years of age.

"*** A handsome premium will be given to the most accomplished woman, whether bachelor or widow, if she can produce a good character. A similar reward will be given to a man of the like description."

Epitaph.—The following is a copy of an epitaph in the Churchyard of North Shields, which has been the subject of much laughter to many persons on account of its absurdity:—

In memory of James Bell, of North Shields, who died 16th of Jan. 1763, aged 42 years.
Margaret, widow of the abovesaid James Bell, died Dec. 30, aged 40 years.
She was wife after to Wm. Fenwick, of North Shields.

Queer Pun.—A Gentleman said, that he thought it would be a good measure to have the Army and Navy *vaccinated.*—"By no means (replied another); my opinion is, that in these times of danger it would be very wrong to *cow* either the Army or the Navy."

The following lines under a *looking-glass*, are striking for the wit and moral they contain:—

Just like the fickle sex, I *change*, 'tis true;
But I *reflect*—that's more than Women do!

Queer Reading.—The following is a true copy of a notice lately sent to one of the Collectors of Assessed Taxes in this Metropolis:—

"Sir—This is to give you notis, that I shall not youse hair powder nor my wife after the 5 of April 1805

"Yours &c

"Joseph Whithend
Oxford st.

"March 23th 1805.

"*To Mr Briggs Frith-street.*"

George I. asked Dr. Savage, at the Levee, Why he did not convert the Pope when he was at Rome? "Because, Sire," said he, "I had nothing better to offer him."

The agents of Messrs. *Roe* and *Doe* lately threw the Steine at Brighton into great confusion, having very ungallantly, in the sight of all the loungers, *harpooned two loose fish.*

The Pyemen are destined to make a figure in this age. In the dreadful crowd, at an execution at the Old Bailey, old Thomas, the pyeman, fell first, and occasioned the pressure that caused so many other deaths. A Pyeman was the Commander and Governor of Copenhagen during its late siege; and the Pyeman, of Cornhill, is famed as a poet, a warrior, and a dramatic writer. We have a Pye, a Poet-Laureat

Laureat and a worthy Magistrate; and lately had a gallant Admiral of the same name, as *crusty* a fellow as ever broke bread.

ON A RECENT EVENT.

WITH racers of the highest breed,
That he should never once succeed,
From year to year, my Lord enrages:
At length a whisper meets his ear—
"You're blind, my Lord, the reason's clear—
Your Jockies' BRIBES exceed their WAGES!"

In a trial of a servant for robbing her master, at the last Old-Bailey Sessions, the prosecutor not being quite so clear in giving his testimony as the Recorder wished, the latter, at last, exclaimed, "Your head, Sir, is strangely confused." "I don't wonder at it," replied the man, "for you are enough to confuse any one."

In the memorable siege of Porto Bello, by Admiral Vernon, after a bombardment of some days on the Castle of Boca Chica, commanding one side of the entrance of the harbour, a small breach was made, when a body of seamen were ordered to mount the breach, who, as soon as they landed, began their march with their usual impetuosity, and without order; upon which the Officer who commanded, ordered them to *halt*; when a seaman humourously replied, "D—n it, Captain, don't let us *halt* before we are *crippled!*"

A MAN near the Minories, who has a grass plat before his door about four feet square, placed a board in front, on the 1st of September, on which was inscribed, "*Sportsmen* found trespassing on these premises shall be prosecuted according to law."

'WHEN it was announced to the witty Curran, that he was appointed *Master of the Rolls*, his immediate reply was, "*Then my bread's baked.*"

THE increase of Life and Fire Offices of late occasioned a gentleman to remark, that whatever our forefathers may have been in respect of *policy*, they are certainly far behind the present generation in point of *assurance!*

A MODERN traveller suggests to any future writer of a mock heroic poem, the idea of making his hero go through a *Custom-house*, in his descent to the infernal regions.

ON A DISCONTENTED OLD MAN,

Who is supposed to smoke in the course of twelve months half a hundred weight of tobacco.

OLD Nicodemus says, this age
Is surely griev'd by hostile rage;
The taxes rise, alas! alas!
He drinks no more his jovial glass;
"One time," quoth he, "I took my wine,
But now on sour small beer I pine;
And though I daily eat my dinner,
No wine I see, as I'm a sinner."
No wine! I swear old ROGER GRIPE,
You empty every hour a *pipe*.

A CLERGYMAN in a mining county observed, that he never saw half of his parishioners until they *came up to be buried.*

WRITTEN IN THE WINDOW OF A VILLAGE SCHOOLMASTER.

Principia Legendi, Scribendi, et Saltandi, in hac Schola inculcata.

THEY who to greatness would advance,
Must read and write, and also dance.
If the head resist my pains,
Through the *breech* I reach the brains;
Proper pressure on the middle,
Fits heads for books, and heels for fiddle.

GEORGE

GEORGE HILL,

GAME-KEEPER TO LORD RIVERS.

To the Editors of the Sporting Magazine.

GENTLEMEN,

THE inclosed description, from Pratt's Harvest Home, will, no doubt, be acceptable, for your entertaining publication.

I am, Gentleman, your constant reader and occasional correspondent, G. T.

BUT now for a living character, no less singular in his way, and immediately connected with the scenery before us. Amongst the unexpected satisfactions for a gleaner, at Bouveridge Farm, was one of the most original personages that the British Empire, full as it is of character, has to shew.

Let me introduce you to a spacious farm house, kitchen, a fire-place extending to the whole breadth of an ample room, some of the well-seasoned oaks of the forest converted into tables, flooring of the same; large, deep, and enviable recesses on each side of the chimney, forming seats for such as defy the high-piled faggots flaming about them; Hampshire flitches, rivalling those of Westphalia, mellowing in the wood smoke below, loading the racks above, or depending in tempting rows from the ceiling.

The business of the rural day over, behold the ruddy country damsels enjoying the cheerful blaze, and the yet more exhilirating tale of a kitchen-guest recently arrived, and snugly nitched in one of the chimney retreats, always a post of distinction and hospitality; imagine you see the personage thus honoured by the queens of the kitchen; accept him, just as I drew him, at the instant that I was called from a parlour full of visitors. Athletic form, strong but interesting features, deep brown hair, few if any of them grey, though in his 73d year; coat of the true sporting green, red collar, great coat of the same with triple cape of scarlet, sleeves of the same, leathern gaiters, blue handkerchief tied in a twist round his neck; the whole somewhat in decay, yet venerable and interesting, from the character, age, and office of the wearer. Let me place a large jug of Hampshire home-brewed in his hand, often lifted to his lips, and try to give you a smile, that indicates at once a gaiety of heart, assisted by a state of head too light for care, and yet not too much elevated, by drinking deep, to wash away all social distinctions; just enough in good spirits to drive away melancholy without fermenting into madness. Put these several circumstances together, and you will have a pretty just idea of the externals of an old sportsman, who has a cottage in Cranbourn Chase, and has served under the Lords of Rushmore* upwards of sixty out of the seventy-three years of his life.

For the character of his mind and manners, I must give you some of his conversation, which I will in his own words, since none other can so well describe them: now, then, let him speak for himself.—A parlour guest is always, more or less, an intruder in the kitchen, and generally throws a gloomy air over the unlaboured gaiety and ease of the place. The ceremony of rising and bowing may, however, be soon done away by a little accommodation, and the parlour and

* Earl Rivers.

kitchen, upon occasions like the present, become sociable. This veteran gamekeeper, for such was his calling, besides being of a pleasant disposition, was animated beyond the point of ceremony by the exhilirating ale of Dorset; and therefore, after a respectful bend of his not unmajestic figure, he resumed both his seat and his history.

I broke the thread of his narrative, just as he was relating his successful courtship to two wives, with one of whom he swore, by all the wood-nymphs of Cranbourn Chase, that he was as happy as the days were long for upwards of four-and-twenty years, and when he lost her, he resolved never to enter into the holy state again, because he thought his *glory* was over.—Glory, you are to know, was a cant word, and brought into almost every sentence.—" But," said he, " I thought I should never find such another woman; till one day, going into my Lord's kitchen, I liked the eyes of the cook, and told her so; but it was not till some time after, when I made her a present of a couple of rabbits of my own killing, and said something as I gave them to her, that she looked as if she liked me. *Glory*, however, was the word: she was a little body, and I dandled her about upon this arm, and had her before the parson in less than three weeks, which is now thirteen years, missing a few days, and she has been my *glory* ever since. She is alive and merry, thank God, at this time, in Rushmore Cottage, where, if you please, you may see her tomorrow; and so, my *glory*, here's your health."

But though we have thus doubly wedded him, the man is incomplete without his dog. What is a huntsman without his hound? Your pardon, honest Bouncer. I should have placed you at your master's side, where I first saw you stand to receive his frequent caresses, and looking into his face, as if listening to his discourse; I should then have laid thee gently at his feet, where I beheld thee reposing while he went on with his glories.

" Bouncer here, Sir," continued the sportsman, after he had emptied his jug to the health of his second nuptial *glory*; " Bouncer, here, knows I speak nothing but truth, and loves my dame as well as I do; and he would be an ungrateful dog if he did not. He's now hunting, you hear, in his sleep; but, sleeping or waking, Cranbourn Chase never boasted a better stag-dog than he. See how his coat is scarred; he's all over butts and bruises, from his nose to the tip of his tail. Lookee, Sir—there's scratches and tearings; but he's all *glory* nevertheless, and will stand at a stag now, single-handed, till he sees the end of him—Wo'nt you, Bouncer, boy?" At this question, the querist, who had been increasing in *glory* at every potation from a fresh supply of the jug, which one of the kitchen goddesses had replenished, rose, but without quitting his can, and gave the view halloo; at which Bouncer, superior to his sleep, age, and scars, leaped up, and soon came in for his full share of the glory; he gave his voice, deep, sonorous, and musical.—To-hoo, to-hoo, to-hoo, hoo, hoo, hoo, hoo! exclaimed the huntsman.—The hound responded in correspondent notes of triumph and joy. " There's my *glory*," quoth the huntsman; " thee art a good one as ever gave tongue in a wood, d—n me; with half a score like thee, I can still leave my dogs over

over the mountains, and almost over the moon, with a cheerly chirrup."

By this time, the veteran had worked up his spirit beyond the power of the pen to follow his elevations; but he was a most rich and rare subject for the pencil, and Bouncer was second in command. Had a lover of men and dogs, a Stubbs or a Gilpin, been as near this congenial pair as I was at this moment, how happily would the hound and huntsman have been exhibited to your view. But had you been yourself present, you would have seen a couple of old creatures at the supreme point of their possible happiness.

You know the influence and sympathy of jovial sounds, whether of man or beast; they excite our sympathy even before we know the cause, or see the objects that produced them. The hilarity of the kitchen emptied the parlour; four by honours and the odd trick were thrown up for a simple son of the woods and his four-footed companion. How shall I procure you even a faint idea of the glee, looks, tones, and action, of this sylvan pair. Invoke your fancy as an auxiliary; think that you see this majestic human ruin rise, as it were, like a phœnix, out of the ashes of age; imagine that you behold the fires of youth re-kindled and blazing afresh; in this bright flash of the sportsman's renovation, suppose you behold him leading on his hounds, his arms expanded, his eyes animating, his voice enlarged, his cheeks glowing with unwonted crimson, and taking the whole sweep of the kitchen at huge strides, eager, ardent, and impassioned, as if he was really in the heat of the chase; think at the same time you hear him, with still uncracked lungs, spirit up his pack, calling every one by name, "famous good Bouncer" among the rest; then listen to his intermixture of prose and verse—no words can paint the almost delirium of extasy with which he sung, or rather rung out, the following chorus of a hunting song—

"And he gave the view halloo—Tallilo! was the word;
And the dog lick'd his lips—Tallilo!"

He then blended histories of the wife whom he dandled and dolled, as he said, on his arm, his horse Maggot, and his hound Bouncer, vehemently protesting they were all three the glory of the glories! He next changed his note to something of a softer kind, and gave the subsequent unmeasured lines, after he had resumed his seat of honour in the chimney corner.—"And this, Sirs," said he, "is my song of songs, which I always sung when I went a suitering.

"The life of a Sportsman is free from all care,
Whene'er he makes merry with love and strong beer;
With his pipe and his friend laughs his hours away,
And sings, talks, and drinks, till he hails in the new day,
And then to the hill and the dale—hark away!"

The stag-hound caught his master's enthusiasm, and the blissful notes of both the veterans kept up the social pleasure till it was too late to return to the card-room:—thus the votary of Pan may be said to have triumphed over Pam and all the Kings and Queens.—At length, his songs and his histories being ended, his ten or twelfth jug emptied, his head filled, his heart light, and his felicity too perfect to think of danger or darkness, he went forth to his cottage in

Cranbourn Chase; and Bouncer his dog, not less happy, though more sober, than his master, followed him. It was a merry old man's glory on a jubilee night, and to hearts like your's it is worth a record.

I must not forget to inform you, to the honour of his present Lord, that he is continued in office as deer-keeper, because he should seem to earn his living from his ancient employment, although the Earl has long since entered him on his list of pensioners. Neither must I withhold from you another piece of information; viz. that his name is "George Hill;" of course bringing to memory my dear and honest John of that name. What a companion is George for the merry sportsman John Grounds*, whose portrait I drew for you on a former occasion!

THE MISERIES OF AN ATTORNEY's CLERK.

MR. EDITOR,

I Am not exactly aware of the motives that induced my father to article me to an Attorney; probably it was with a laudable view for my future prosperity, knowing it to be a lucrative profession: be that as it may, it was no choice of mine; and as I find it has become fashionable to complain of the miseries of life, allow me a corner in your entertaining Miscellany to recount a few of the *Miseries of an Attorney's Clerk*.

HAVING, as you imagined, just finished copying a case to lay before Counsel, from a confused intricate draft, finding, by a note of reference, that a long abstract of a title, or a will, must be introduced, which is as much again as what you have already waded through.

Nibbing a pen so ingeniously, that four times out of five the nib lodges in your eye.

Being sent on a disagreeable evening to serve notices, &c. in a long street, where the number of the house is the given direction, and enquiring for the name are told, that the gentleman does not live there; that there are four houses numbered 120, and that probably it is at the bottom of the street.—Or,

In Michaelmas Term, on a dark foggy night, having a declaration to serve before nine, and being told "the name is on the door," poking your nose up to every door in the street to discover it; and at last arriving at the identical house time enough to hear the clock strike!

Just quitting the office on the wings of impatience, to greet a friend you much wish to see, and who has already waited beyond the hour appointed, to be called back, and sent to a contrary part of the town you want to go, which will take up so much time, that your friend's patience being entirely exhausted, he is gone by the time you have completed your business.

Having twenty places to attend, yet being so long kept at the Clerk of the Papers in getting your *demurrer-book* examined, that all far-

* An account of both these innocent men will be found in the sixth volume of "*Gleanings*;" and the latter, in his mole-catching dress and character, has lately been pourtrayed in colours that will not fade, on the canvas of the elder Barker, who has just finished an admirable picture of Grounds and his family, in the Cottage on the Moor.

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ther concerns must be relinquished for that evening.

Attending the Master, to take your name for taxing costs, early the next day; when, having taken great pains to be the first person in waiting, and afterwards kept your place standing among a throng of clerks for twenty minutes at the door before they are obliging enough to open it—when it does open, to be thrown out of your chance, and in rushing forward to the desk, your arms pinned down, your throat hoarse with bawling out the name, and your hat squeezed as flat as a pancake (to say nothing of the powder and pomatum in flakes on your black clothes, transplanted from some of the old gentlemen's wigs) after all the fatigue and exertion, to have the mortification at last to see your name at the *bottom*, instead of the *top* of the list.

These were frequently the misadventures I encountered while yet a novice in the law; when better acquainted with business, I imagined my troubles would be at an end. But in this surmise I was woefully disappointed, as you will perceive by the following miseries, which in term time I daily experience.

Taxing costs before the Master with an opponent, whose breath is abominable, and who, in his vehement utterance in canvassing the items of the bill, spits in your face every time he speaks.

Engaged with what is termed in law, "a sharp practitioner," who, just as you are going to enter your plea, placidly informs you, that he has already signed judgment for want of it.

Going to the Temple in great haste, having but a short time to execute your business before the offices shut, and in the way meeting with a particular friend, whom it would be the height of ill manners not to speak to, and yet knowing that should you stop two minutes, nothing can be done till the next day, or perhaps the day after, as the next may be a holiday.—Or,

Just as you are felicitating yourself with having accomplished your common law concerns, and nothing remains but the sealing your writs, unfortunately having nothing less than a note, the good-natured gentleman at the Seal Office cannot, or will not, give you change, and not being one of his admirers, refuses you credit.

Waiting on an attorney, with whom you have been severely strict in taxing costs, and have got a fourth of the charges in his bill struck off by the Master; and yet of this same practitioner compelled to ask a particular favour, which, should he refuse, will be the loss of one of your best clients.

Two gentlemen entering the office at the same instant, to the one of whom Mr. —— wishes to be at home; to the other he is "gone out, and his return uncertain"—your dilemma, as your *no* to one you would fain have understood as *yes* to the other.

Your cause having been duly entered in the Judge's paper for trial, attending the sittings after term of the Court of King's Bench, at Guildhall, day after day, with a troop of witnesses, subpœnaed and kept in town at a great expence to give evidence, and who are constantly worrying you with "When will *our* trial come on?" all being anxious to return to their respective homes; but though in constant expectation of your's coming on every minute, yet, from the number of Special Jury cases intervening,

vening, though still the next in rotation, you were as near to all appearance on the first day as on the tenth ;—till, wearied out by a perpetual recurrence of similar sounds in swearing the juries, your expectation being constantly kept on the stretch, and your ears stunned, (if not offended) by the sharp interrogations of G—, with, "Was *you* on board at the time the ship struck on the sand-bank ?" — "Were *ye* present when the timbers were examined ?" And the interference from the Bench of, "You was, was you ?"—to your great vexation, on the last day of attendance your trial is postponed till the *sittings after Michaelmas !*

THE COMFORTS OF SPORTS AND GAMES.

MR. EDITOR,

IN the two last Numbers* of your entertaining Miscellany, I read "Miseries in Sporting and Gaming;" but I am willing to convince the humourous author that he is mistaken in suffering himself to be persuaded that misery could so poison the best cates of felicity, which ingenuity has provided against sorrow and care.

I, for my own part, still enjoy with ardour every game and sport, active or sedentary, of which I have any knowledge. I need not the excitement of betting to raise my spirits and interest my heart in any of them ; I can still join the children in building houses of cards, in playing marbles and chuck-farthing, in pitching and tossing halfpence. I delight in fives and trapball ; cricket, with pleasure, I play at, or, viewing it, witness the gay excitement of spirits, the brisk, light exertion, and the play of lively, vigorous health, with which the contest of that manly game is pursued. I think I could drive a hoop or spin a top with any boy at St. Paul's School, or fly my kite in the windy weather of harvest, and follow it from field to field, over hedges and ditches, or through marshes, with as much earnestness as ever naturalist displayed in the pursuit of a butterfly.

In winter I am charmed with the diversion of *curling*. I went to Holland once, to enjoy *skaiting* in its true perfection ; and when I was in Russia I took the greatest pleasure in *racing* on a sledge over the snow, and not less on sailing on the ice in a sledge-boat. I can scarce help joining in the contest of Frenchman and Englishman, whenever I see the boys or peasantry engaged in it, any where in the immediate environs of London.—I should like to join the journeymen tradesmen in playing at *skittles*, were it not for the coarse abuse and sottish drinking with which they debase and spoil their game.—At Edinburgh, I took the greatest pleasure in joining the *golfers* in the favourite scenes for their diversion called Leith-Links and Bruntsfield-Links ; and I was charmed when they went on the meadows, there to join the company of Archers, and to contend for the silver arrow, which I had once the honour to win. Many a time have I had my shins broken in playing at foot-ball.—Indeed, I know not of any one out-of-door diversion, easy or athletic, that has not a charm for me.

He who has these advantages, is to the man who loiters and languishes,

* Vide pages 222 and 282 of our last Volume.

guishes, and turns himself from side to side on his bed or sofa, and slumbers till he becomes incapable of sound refreshing sleep—is to such a person as the eagle to the ostrich, as the leveret to the pig, as the bounding squirrel to the torpid sloth. No exercise of serious labour ever equals the spirit-stirring, joy-creating, health-giving effects of the games of sport.

In hunting, I have not very often joined the jovial parties who pursue the hare, fox, stag, and follow the hounds. But their diversions are of almost all the most animated and pleasing. The cruelty of pursuing an animal to death is lost sight of, while the attention is occupied with the society of exercise and amusement, with the qualities of the dogs and horses, with the difficulties and facilities of the ground, with the contest of activity and swiftness between the pursuers and the animal pursued. As for those trivial incidents of less pleasing effect, which some might number among the Miseries of the Horse-race and the Chase, why they are but the shades requisite to give due effect to the lights in a picture—the passages between the grand apartments in a palace—the contrasts and reliefs in an ornamented landscape—that infusion of bitters, without having tasted which we should never find the sweets!

YOICKS.

THE CATHERINE PEAR; OR, THE FASHION OF 1807.

SIR,

I Am a Kentish Farmer; and in consequence of the *pleasing* state of the markets, and the operation of the *middle men*, could give you very *substantial* reasons why I ought to drop the appellation of YEOMAN, and take up that of GENTLEMAN; but it is not now necessary. My wife, rest her soul! died a few years since; and as I was fearful that if I was to venture again I should not get one so good, I resolved to remain single, and devote my thoughts entirely to my daughter's matrimonial pursuits rather than to my own: for, I am to inform you, Sir, that I have a daughter, an only child, who is as like her late mother as one apple is like another on the same branch. She is, indeed, even in this country of handsome girls, reckoned a beauty. Her form, our Parson, a sly ——, said, the other day, is as correct as if from the chisel of Praxiteles: who he was, I do not know; but, I suppose, by the Doctor's talking about a *chisel*, some carpenter. Her complexion, he added, was the purest *carnation*; but I am sure it is like beautiful ivory, tinged with a lovely pink; her name is Kath'rine; so that I have used myself, ever since she was as high as the churn, to call her my Kath'rine Pear. This name, some how or other, got into the village, and, when she grew up, obtained among the young fellows, who used to term her *my fruit;* say, she was *almost ripe;* observe, that she made their *mouths water*, and a hundred such things, that had more *sound* than *sense* in them. However I might sometimes smile at these idle conceits, I repressed them as much as Kate; who, as modest as handsome, had then, I believe, no more thoughts of matrimony than I have now. Indeed, as I found myself *warm*, I looked rather higher for her than our farmers' sons; and Kate, conscious of her attractions, held up her head still more than I did; for, I must say,

say, that although born and bred in a Kentish village, she has a figure that might grace a court; and it is upon this circumstance that I mean to observe.

While her mother was living, the *Kath'rine Pear* might be said to be wrapped up *in leaves;* for Alice was of opinion, that girls could not cover too close, and she used to repeat something about "prodigal maids unfolding their beauties to the moon," which I did not understand; but I suppose it was meant as a warning to them to save candle. She used also to talk about *drapery*, which, I learnt from her, meant *clothes;* and I know she was accustomed to wear a good many *dimity dickets*, as I think they frequently termed petticoats *while* they were in fashion. Her daughter, my Kate, who was really concerned for her excellent parent, while she was in mourning, muffled close enough; then the Doctor called her Luna, and said she was in *eclipse;* but soon after the twelvemonth had expired, and she had returned from a journey to Maidstone, which little Hartshorn, our Apothecary, had prescribed, as absolutely necessary to recover her spirits; I began to see more of her person than I had occasion to observe since she was in frocks. If she did not (as her mother used to say) "unfold her beauty to the moon," she most liberally *treated* the sun. Phœbus, as the Doctor called him, might have stared till his eyes ached; and, by the bye, the parson himself——but no matter, I was obliged to wink at my *discoveries* that I made, till I thought I would give her a little hint of them: so I said to her, the other day,—"My dear Kate, you was reading to me some time since in a very pretty book, of some entertainments, about a lady that had a *speckled bosom.*"—'Oh! *The Arabian Nights!*' "Yes, so you called it. I fancy, my love, that she had either forgot, or lost her handkerchief, and so was obliged to expose her neck, which might expand like your's (that I have observed to grow every day) to the sun." At this instant I saw the neck, or bosom, I know not which to call it, of my Kath'rine Pear, deeply diffused;—animation flashed from her hazle eyes—she involuntarily clapp'd her cambric handkerchief upon the *offending* part, and hesitatingly said, that 'it was the fashion in London.'—"No, my dear," said I, "you must be mistaken; the people of Maidstone, however we may be inclined to value their *patriotism*, are not yet disposed to make such a sacrifice to the exigencies of the times, as to go *quite* naked: and now we are upon the subject, I must observe your clothes, as you correctly call them, for they are not coverings: I believe they are what was meant by the bill at the fair, which promised a display of—

"THE NEW-FASHIONED TRANSPARENCIES."

You are not a silly girl, yet, judging of your mind by your dress, you are easily *seen through?*

'My dear father, my dress is the fashion in Maidstone.'

"What, pink silk stockings, that look like naked legs?—'Yes!'

"And shoes, that hardly cover the toes?"

'Yes!'

"That cloak, too, that's scarcely so thick as *a cobweb?*"—'Yes!'

"And bonnet, that seems only intended to display the tip of the left ear?"

'Yes; it is called a *Tippy;* it is the fashion in London.'

"A *Tippy!*

"A *Tippy!* Mercy on me; says I, where will Fashion stop? However, I resolved to cherish the leaves of my Fig-tree, that my girl might be provided against *the worst;* and, in the mean time, to write to you, Mr. Editor, to ask you this plain question:—Are these things really so in London? because, if that be the case, and the men should, from example, be stimulated to the same whim that has possessed the ladies, I am patriot enough to tremble for the manufactures of my native country.

I am, your's,

FARMER CLOVER.

*** My Kath'rine Pear's *leaves,* like her *lovers,* have dropped off, one by one, this *Autumn.* She looks confoundedly *sour.* The Doctor told me, that he got a *basilisk* stroke from her eyes, only for saying she was acting the part of *Lady Flutter,* in the Comedy of The Discovery. I don't know what he meant, perhaps you do.

M.

STRAY CATTLE.

A NEW APPEAL UPON AN OLD CASE.

Mr. Editor,

AN appeal to *Humanity* has been made in behalf of the insects commonly known by the name of *Lady Birds!*—Will you permit me to plead the cause of certain of the most useful, and most esteemed, of quadrupeds, which on some occasions become victims of the law without patronage or protection? I mean such *cattle,* or horses, which, under the denomination of *streys* or *damage-feasant,* are impounded by the Lord of the Manor, or his substitutes, and remain, till claimed by their owner, without food or water, unless such be administered of mere charity. In a late excursion, during the heat of the weather, I beheld several of these mute sufferers, exposed indeed to the view of passengers, but unable to tell their griefs, or to interest the traveller but by their dejected mein; whilst the hot sun shone upon them with full power, and withered the few blades of grass in their straitened pen. How long, Sir, these poor animals may remain, before their distant, their busy, or their careless owner, is informed of their situation, and procures their release, is a time indeterminate, and I cannot learn that any person is bound by law to give them food or water during that interval. I pass over the loss that may accrue to the owner, because he can speak for himself, if his beast dies in consequence of his not being able to relieve him in due time from his confinement; but as the poor creature may suffer many hours, and yet survive the suffering, I humbly request, in behalf of such *silent* sufferers, the consideration of those who may be better informed than I am, what legal redress or alleviation can be obtained for them.

I am, Sir, your's,

AITYME.

FASHIONABLE PURSUITS.

Concluded from page 273 of our last Vol.

NEXT to the Rout and *Masquerade* (which are synonimous), the Opera may be considered the grand fashionable scene of action, where the uninitiated may contemplate a public

public exhibition of airs and graces. The first thing that strikes an observer at the Opera house, is the *profound attention* which the tribe of fashionables pay to the performers. The moment when the first-rate singer is in the finest passage of a Bravura song, perhaps some of the dilettanti in the boxes (more gratified in hearing their own raven notes, than those of the singer's) scream out in a fine accompanying trill, or shake, and thereby produce the same *happy* effect, as the performance of two rival organs at the opposite sides of the same street. Another interesting and amusing circumstance to the audience, arises from the mixture of the performers and loungers together: for it frequently happens, that the latter are not merely satisfied in *seeing* the former, but are good naturedly running from scene to scene, and dancing about the stage, perhaps thinking that some of the subscribers may be amused in seeing clowns, or fools, in *every piecé*, and in *every act*.

But this is nothing compared with the frequent bursts of bravo, bravissimo, from people who were earnestly engaged in a *private* conversation, and after they have rewarded the *Soprano* with a clap and a roar, turn round to each other and exclaim with a vacant stare—vastly fine!—what was it? exquisite, &c. whereby they shew their *taste*, though unconscious of the cause. This free and easy conduct would not be allowed in the English Theatre, thanks to the *gods*; no, the gentry in the *upper house* would never patronise *such* proceedings.

There is one distinguishing mark which characterises the Fashion of the present time from that of every former period; namely, puffing in the newspapers. A Rout is now announced in the public prints, with all the pomp and circumstance of "*folly*," and at as great length, and almost as *well written*, as some of those literary *morceaux* which frequently issue from the inspired pen of Martin Van Butchel, or the renowned *cutting* Packwood. Indeed the volumes of our diurnal prints are so filled with *haut-ton* intelligence, that a wig-maker, or a tooth-ache doctor, can scarcely squeeze in a line, though they are men eminently useful; for the former promises to settle your *head*, and the latter to whet your grinders.—Newspapers, instead of being what they once were, vehicles of instruction and interesting intelligence, are *now* filled with the foolish and disgusting details of routs, gormandizing, gluttony, visiting, and guzzling. Formerly our journals, were the "abstract and brief chronicles of the times," and were collected and treasured up as records for posterity, or as materials for the historian; but what a curious collection would a parcel of our modern journals make, filled with the names of persons, who, but for the *Newspapers*, would never be recorded in any way except in the tradesman's book of *bad debts*. With what interest and delight must posterity read such intelligence as the following—

"The bewitching lady —— is in that state in which every lady wishes to be, who loves her lord." Well said decency, egad!

Five hundred cards of invitation are issued for Mrs. *Shallowhead's* masquerade on Tuesday—

Count *Storm—Bag* gives his grand *Fête Champetre* on Friday: we hear that cards of invitation have been sent to all the gay, the idle, the frivolous, and the stupid in town,

town,—consequently a most delicious day may be expected!!!

Viscount ——'s grand dinner on Tuesday.

At the splendid entertainment given on Sunday by Elfy Bey, there was a most elegant assemblage of Fashionable Belles, and every other *delicacy* that could be *expected.*

The *venerable* Lady —— and her two amiable grand-daughters, sang a trio on Friday night at lady Squanderfield's *Drum-major,* which astonished all present—" Say, lady fair, where are you going?"

The lady of Sir Tunbelly Clumsey, was delivered of twins on Saturday, at her delightful Villa at Leatherhead.

At the grand masquerade *warehouse* in —— Square, on Wednesday night, the doors were thrown open at an early hour to *all* characters; upwards of 700 persons sat down (and threw off the mask) to a sumptuous supper, whom the feast of *reason* detained till a late hour the *next day,* when they separated in *great order* to their respective homes. At this matchless Féte, there was a galaxy of patent lamps, and a forest of green-house plants. The company consisted of the following illustrious personages, viz.—His —— and His —— brothers, lady —— and her accomplished daughters —— the venerable lord —— and his lovely *young* wife, besides Townsend, M'Manus, Rivet, and numberless others of the *first distinction.*

But all this is nothing, compared with the bulletin of health, and the different movements of this army of Fashion, which, according to Burke, constitutes the Corinthian capital of polished society.

We are informed that lady Betty Bigamy is at Bath, and every morning at an early hour visits the pump room, to the great satisfaction of her friends.

Belcher and Jemmy from Town, are now rusticating at the elegant villa of lord —— in Hertfordshire. Poor Miss G—— being disappointed in her matrimonial scheme, takes it greatly to heart, and has retired (in dudgeon) to the country. The Hon. Capt. —— who was wounded in an affair of honour, on Saturday, died on Monday. That charming creature (Shock) lady ——'s lap-dog has got the influenza. Col. O—'s Parrot is speechless. We hear Viscount —— intends in a few days to lead his cook maid to the hymeneal altar.

From such *stuff* as the above, is the future historian to collect materials for the history of the age, and the antiquary (yet unborn) to glean the *curiosities* of *past times.*

SPORTING INTELLIGENCE EXTRAORDINARY.

TURF.

On Friday, the long expected match, between the lady of Col. —— and —— Esq. was run on the race course at ——, in the presence of an immense concourse of spectators: the day was fine, the sport excellent, and the lady *rode* triumphant. Indeed Mrs. ——, who has long been considered the greatest *whip* in the kingdom, completely *beat* her man the first heat, to the great gratification of the sporting connoisseurs who assembled on that occasion. *

* The lady, who was always a devil of a sportswoman, has lately *" stole away,"* and given her *keeper* the slip.—Such dashers are generally of the Eel species; rather slippery: and when a woman once mounts a racer, she will inevitably be run away with.

 The

The Marchioness of —— hunted on Thursday with *her* harriers in the neighbourhood of ———— ; her Ladyship is said to be the best *sportsman* in that sporting country ! ! !

We hear that the gay milliner, of Jermyn-street, has advertised for a *sleeping* partner !

From these *interesting* records, the merchant, the philosopher, the politician, and the foreigner, must be highly gratified and instructed ; but they may know, perhaps, better how to appreciate them, when informed, that there are a few *elegant* accomplished gentlemen, of refined talents, who obtain their livelihood, and procure *distinction*, by penning these interesting essays, and scraps of intelligence. The people of fashion have been much satirised for pride, and repulsive dignity ; but this must be false, or they surely would not converse and communicate freely with sycophant scribblers and necessitous adventurers, merely for the purpose of obtaining a puff in a fashionable advertisement. These associations are, however, sometimes attended with inconvenience, as a nobleman may deem it *prudent*, if not pleasant, to shake hands with a man he despises.

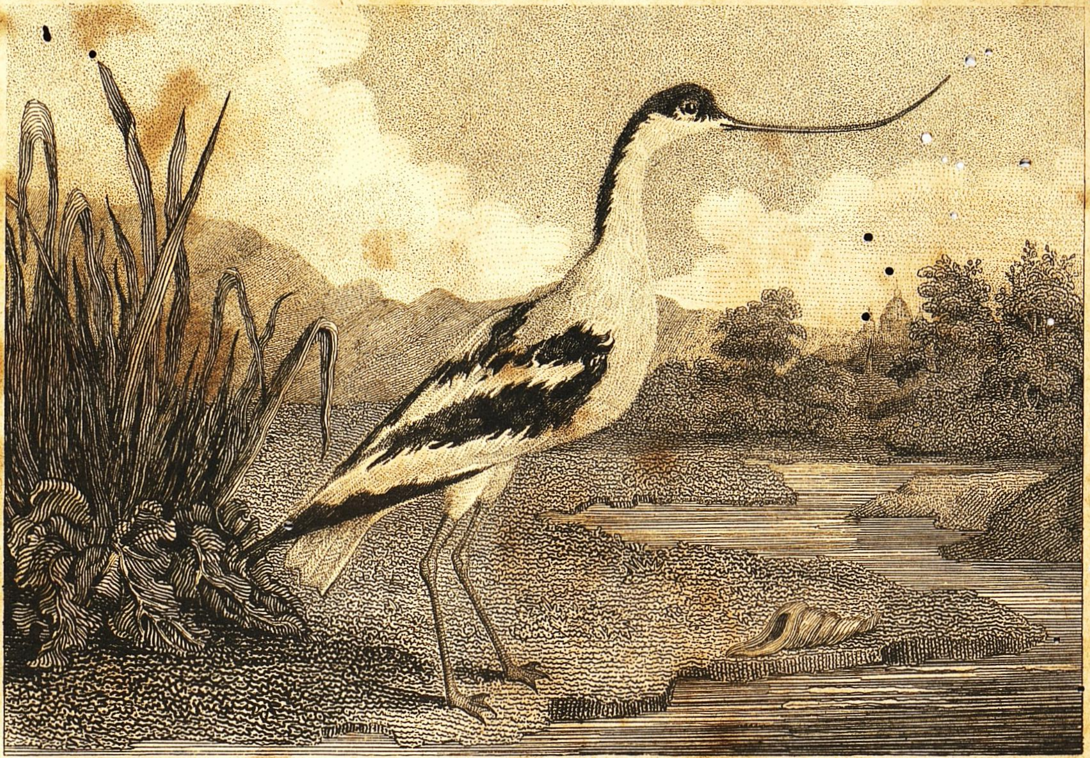
THE AVOSET.

AN ENGRAVING.

THE Avoset is described by Buffon as principally found near Milan, and in other places in Italy ; as, however, it is classed by Mr. Bewick in his British Birds, we shall content ourselves with his account of it, as follows :—

"This bird, which is the only British species of Avoset, does not much exceed the Lapwing in the bulk of its body ; but, from the length of its legs, it is much taller. It measures about eighteen inches in length, to the end of the toes twenty-two, and from tip to tip thirty, and weighs from twelve to fourteen ounces. The bill is black, about three inches and a half long, and of a singular conformation, looking not unlike flexible flat pieces of whalebone, curved upwards to the tip : the irides are hazel ; the head round, black on the upper part to below the nape of the neck : above and beneath each eye, in most specimens, there are small white spots ; but in the one from which the above figure was taken, a streak of that colour passed over each eye towards the hinder part of the head. The thighs are naked, and, as well as the legs and feet, are of a fine pale blue colour. The whole plumage of the Avoset is white, intersected with black ; and, like most of the variegated or pyebald birds, the patches of these colours are not placed exactly the same in every individual ; therefore, as the bird cannot be mistaken, a more minute description is unnecessary.

"These birds are common in the winter about the lakes, mouths of rivers, and marshes, in the southern parts of England ; and they assemble in large flocks on the fens, in the breeding season. When the female is frightened off her nest, she counterfeits lameness ; and when a flock is disturbed, they fly, with their necks stretched out, and their legs extended behind, over the head of the spectator, much in the same way as the Peewit or Lapwing, making a shrill noise, and uttering a yelping cry of *twit, twit,* all



THE AVOSET.

Pub. Nov. 1. 1807, by J. Wheble, Warwick Square, London.

all the time. The places where they have been feeding may be traced out by the semi-circular marks left in the mud or sand by their bills in scooping out their food, which consists of spawn, worms, insects, &c. Latham says, "they lay two eggs, the size of those of a pigeon, an inch and three quarters in length, of a cinerous grey, singularly marked with deep brownish dark patches, of irregular sizes and shapes, besides some under markings of a dusky hue."—They keep near the shore, wading about, up to the belly in water, and sometimes swimming. In all their motions they are smart, lively, and volatile, and do not remain long stationary in one spot."

BOXING.

GULLEY AND GREGSON.

THIS highly-interesting contest took place on Wednesday, the 14th, in a valley called the six-mile bottom, on the Newmarket road. Newmarket emptied itself, and Cambridge and other adjacent towns also supplied prodigious numbers, as it was a novelty to view an exhibition between such stout professors. This match compensated the sporting world for their disappointment at the foot-race, and the spectators were equal to what is usual at a similar exhibition near London, but the company was rather more select, and free from the rabble.

At an early hour, the town of Newmarket was all bustle and confusion, and all sorts of vehicles were put in requisition. The assistants employed to mark the ground, arrived on it about eight o'clock, and being well supplied with ropes and stakes, soon completed an excellent ring in the valley. At nine o'clock, it was surrounded with a numerous circle of spectators on foot, and an exterior circle of carriages of every description, filled with company. At twenty minutes past nine, the two pugilistic heroes entered the ring, both in good plight and condition, full of spirits, and each confident of success. Cribb and Cropley officiated as second to Gulley; Richmond, the Black, was second to Gregson. Jackson and Ward were also in the ring, to assist if necessary. After the usual etiquette, the parties set to, with the odds twenty to five upon Gulley.

THE BATTLE.

First Round. The combatants fixed each other with a steady eye. A pause. Some excellent sparring ensued. Gulley put in a well-directed blow on Gregson's face, which was repaid with interest upon the left side of Gulley's head; both fell.

2. Gulley seemed to feel that he had got an ugly job of work in hand. He was much upon his guard, and produced all his science.—A severe blow, well planted upon the left side of Gregson's face, was the result. It drew the first blood, which ran copiously, and Gregson fell. Odds, 100 to 20 upon Gulley.

The 3d, 4th, 5th, and 6th rounds, an interchange of well-directed blows, with good sparring on both sides; the result nearly equal, but rather in favour of Gulley.

7. After some neat sparring, Gregson broke through Gulley's guard, put in a straight-forward blow upon his right eye, which nearly

nearly closed it, and drew blood. Gulley fell, and lay upon the ground, apparently quite abroad, for nearly three seconds. The blow struck to the heart of Gulley's friends—great anxiety prevailed among them for the moment. The odds fell to 5 to 3.

8. The success of the preceding round inspired Gregson with fresh confidence. He summoned all his strength, and developed all his science. Gulley had also rallied.—Some excellent sparring also took place, and several well-directed blows were stopped on both sides. At length, by a sudden spring, and a great effort of strength, Gregson caught up Gulley in his arms, and flung him upon the ground. A less generous antagonist would have fallen upon him. The spectators expected it, and hailed his forbearance with cheering shouts of "Bravo!" This round, one of the finest that ever was fought, shewed that nothing but his exquisite science enabled Gulley to stand before so powerful an antagonist. The odds changed in consequence in favour of Gregson.

9. Gulley hit his opponent a very severe facer, and Gregson deliberately laid himself down on the hands and knees. This act was supposed to be something of the *cur*, but Gregson's subsequent conduct did away that impression.

10. Gregson went in much enraged, and made several short hits; Gulley followed his attempts to hit by real blows, at once scientific and tremendous, and Gregson fell extremely weak—he presented a dismal spectacle, streaming with blood.

11. Gregson received a hit, and he immediately closed, and gave Gulley a heavy fall.

12. Weakness began to be manifest in Gulley in this round, and it gave a strange turn to the betting. Gregson received some feeble hits, although scientifically put in, but he knocked Gulley down by a most tremendous blow on the forehead.

13. Gulley had the advantage again in this round, by his superior knowlege of boxing; but his hits were not forcible, from weakness. Gregson gave a specimen of the Lancashire mode of throwing, which Gulley must have severely felt.

14. Gregson put in another tremendous blow on Gulley's face, and he repeated it skilfully with his left hand; after a severe rally, Gregson fell on his knees, extremely weak, as was also his adversary.

15. After exchanging some blows, those of Gregson being the more forcible, from his superior strength, Gulley was knocked down.

12. Although Gulley's face bore woeful marks of the blows he had received, and one eye was closed, he had the best of this rallying round, by ultimately hitting his opponent off his legs.

17. Gregson fell on his blow.

18 and 19. Gulley had a slight advantage in these two rounds, although he had a heavy fall in the latter.

20. Gregson aimed a powerful straight-forward blow, but missed, and, as he was falling with it, Gulley hit him. A loud cry of "foul, foul," from one side, and "fair, fair," from the other. The latter appeared to be right, Gregson not having reached the ground when he received the blow.

21, 22, and 23. Gulley got more fresh, and fairly beat his adversary from him in rallying, but not without receiving some hard blows. Both were very weak, but

8 to

-5 to 1 was offered on Gulley, his bottom being known.

24. This round shewed that both were dead beaten, for their blows were so feeble, and the loss of blood was so considerable, that each had difficulty in making fight. Gulley threw Gregson for the first time.—Ten to one offered on Gulley.

35. Here it was any body's battle, as it was reduced to the game and constitution of the combatants who should win: both were most hideously disfigured, and scarcely able to get off the knees of their bottle-holders. Although the battle lasted eleven more rounds, it would be superfluous to detail them, as each had alternately the advantage, and betting, which had been twenty to one on Gulley, was reduced to even; they met each other like two helpless men inebriated, and it was with the greatest difficulty that either could hold up his hands to stop or hit, and when the rounds closed, which was generally by both falling together inoffensively, the friends of each party expected the word *enough* to come from both together. Gulley, in this state, was still a favourite, and, by an extraordinary effort of nature, he gave Gregson a blow in the throat, the 36th round, which prevented him from rising off the ground in time. He lay in a helpless state, unable to move or speak, for several minutes. Gulley, roused by the victory, leaped for joy.

It would be difficult to say which was the most beaten—such spectacles surely were never before witnessed; all other beatings were comparatively a burlesque. The seconds were as much disfigured by blood as the combatants. The battle lasted only forty minutes.

OBSERVATIONS.

Gulley, it will be remembered, was the unsuccessful opponent of the Game Chicken a twelvemonth ago, in which contest he was so tried, and proved so game a man, that he established his fame as a boxer of the first rate; and he is now, by forfeiture of the Chicken, considered as the Champion of England. Gregson was first heard of, as having some pretensions to the fistic art, in consequence of a casual rencontre with Bourke, in Yorkshire, some time since; and having improved in professional skill, he ventured to town to dispute the claim of Champion with any man in England. He appears to have been formed for boxing; his Herculean strength is proportionate to his height, which is six feet two inches. His most sanguine admirers did not claim for him the science of Gulley; but they flattered themselves, that any deficiency in skill would be more than made up by the superiority of his physical powers, he being some inches taller than his adversary, and a stone more weighty.

It was allowed, at the decision of the battle, on all hands, that one so obstinately contested, and where such game was shewn, was never witnessed. Those who had seen Johnson and Ben, Jackson and the Old Ruffian, exhibit, declared this to exceed all. Gregson, although far from a good fighter, had a decided advantage in strength and stature, which was adequate, with the little knowledge he possessed, to Gulley's superior skill, as there was a reciprocity in bottom. Gulley fought at a great disadvantage against a man of such superior strength and length, for he could never make a hit until Gregson chose to begin, as the latter sparred

with

with his left arm fully extended, and this was considerably longer, and more powerful, than that of Gulley. Gregson, after the few first rounds, made lounging and desperate hits with his right hand, which nothing could resist, and it is thus accounted for how Gulley sustained so much injury. Gregson was generally *abroad* after he had made that favourite hit, as the quickness of Gulley in returning it gave him a great advantage. Gulley fights well with both hands, and is a more expert boxer than when he contended with the Chicken. They were conveyed to Newmarket after the battle. Gulley received a handsome subscription purse, and Gregson was liberally rewarded as a game loser.

Gulley did not appear much punished, but he certainly received a very handsome share of the day's work. Captain Barclay brought him to the ground in his carriage, and took him back in it after the battle.

Some good hits were made by the London pickpockets. Captain Whitley lost his pocket-book, containing 3500l. in bank-notes, drafts, and bills, for which he offered 200l. reward; but those who had it in their possession thought they could pay themselves better, so having taken 1300l. out, they put the pocket-book, with the remainder of the property, into the Post-office.

It should have been observed, that in this severe battle, Gulley, in stopping the plunging and desperate right-handed hits of his adversary, was deprived of the use of his left arm after about the fifth or sixth round of the fight, the circulation of the blood having been stopped: this was a very material disadvantage. The pugilists were on the race-course on the following day, but Gregson was obliged to have a surgeon to attend him on his return. They were both to be in London on the 17th.

Gregson is matched to fight again for 200 guineas, with a man at Bristol, named Horton, who has never exhibited before the Londoners.

CITY GYMNASTICS.

For the Sporting Magazine.

A New discovery in the Art of Pugilism, bids fair to overturn the science of the *Chickens, Belchers,* and *Gulleys* of the day.—Two gentlemen (not of Verona), but of the City of London, have originated a new system of boxing, which, if generally adopted by athletic bruisers, may prove most destructive to the human race, and, perhaps, do more towards exploding this practice, than the clamours and exertions of all the moralists and magistrates in the kingdom.

Mr. *Premium* and Mr. *Enterprise*, the two practitioners in question, exhibited on Thursday, the 8th instant, together, in a commodious apartment, near the Royal Exchange, where they were honoured by a numerous attendance of amateurs, who, although not the immediate patronisers of boxing, were much interested for *Premium* and *Enterprise*.

The *set-to* commenced at three o'clock. *Premium* appeared to be of Hibernian extraction, of a dark visage, sprightly and active; *Enterprise*, an athletic youth, with a fair and comely countenance. It is impossible to describe the interest that was excited on the eve of

of commencement. Every eye seemed riveted on the combatants, to observe the first manœuvre. A solemn pause ensued. The disciples of the old school looked in vain for a *straight-forward* hit, or a *cross buttock*: no such *plain sailing* was to be found here, nor was attempted.

Enterprise, on making himself up for the first hit, with great caution, drew back his arm behind him, then *swinging* it round in a kind of *semi-circle,* caught his opponent in the ear. The blow was dexterous, irresistible, and nearly bereft *Premium* of his senses. It was observed that, although this blow was executed in a masterly style, yet the *circle swing* was not a new idea, but originated with the *Game Chicken,* who won several battles in consequence of its adoption.—This onset, though fierce, did not appal Mr. *Premium,* but only served to make him more resolute. He thought it not POLICY, however, to *make a return* of the swinging blow, lest he should not be able to *insure* its success, but adopted one equally new and judicious. Dropping down his right fist nearly as low as his knees, he struck upwards with great quickness, and catching his antagonist under the chin, he made sad havock of his under jaw.—*Three grinders* were shoved out of their places; the tongue, which unfortunately happened to be lolling out of the mouth by way of defiance, was nearly severed in two, and much doubt was entertained whether *Enterprise* would *risk* another meeting. He did not only *venture* a second, but from that to a dozen were tried with various success. Each of the combatants was eager to display his skill to the best advantage, and the most extraordinary manœuvres were witnessed. The *back spring,* or *retrograde movement,* was a favourite practice, and was successfully performed; many a terrible blow was thus expertly avoided. From the determined disposition of the combatants, and the severity of their blows, a *total loss* of one or the other must have been the consequence of protracting the contest: it was therefore deemed prudent to separate the parties; but this, much to their regret, was not thought of, until, on an AVERAGE, they had lost a quart of blood each.

BARON HOMPESCH AND MR. GARROW.

IN our Magazine for August last, page 219, vol. XXX. is the account of an action brought against Mr. Sherwood, a farmer, of Kent, for a breach of the game laws. To this article, however, there is not much need of reference, as the following statement, which Mr. Garrow's observations, as Counsel for Sherwood, appear to have drawn from the Baron, pretty clearly explains it. — We have before noticed the unwarrantable latitude which Counsel occasionally give themselves when pleading the cause of their clients, and of their facility to shelter themselves from the consequences of such latitude, by applying for the protection of the Court, when called upon for satisfaction.

SEVERAL erroneous statements having appeared in the public newspapers, relating to a trial against a farmer at the last assizes for Maidstone, in the which Mr. Garrow had the effrontery to utter most gross and false calumnies against Baron Hompesch, the latter finds himself

himself called on to state to the public a correct account, as well of the origin of the trial as of what passed at, and in consequence of it, so far as regards the Baron.

The Baron rents the Manor of Bicknor, in Kent, and the defendant holds from the same landlord a farm which lies in the manor. For the sake of being on good terms with the neighbouring farmers, with a view to secure the game, the Baron invited them, and among others the defendant, to partake of the hospitality of his table, and also gave them game. On one of the defendant's visits to the Baron, he staying later than his wife approved, she violently fetched her husband home.

Until this *fracas*, the Baron succeeded in preserving the game on his manor; but in the next season the manor was poached, and the greatest part of the game destroyed. Remonstrances were made to the defendant, but in vain. Upon this, application was made by the Baron to the landlord's brother, (who has his full powers to act for, and represent him) complaining of the defendant's aggressions. Orders were given by him to the defendant not to intrude on the Baron's game. This also was not only without effect, but was treated by the defendant with insolence, upon which the landlord's brother recommended the Baron to prosecute the defendant for sporting without a stamped license, and he was convicted. It was hoped, that this conviction would have induced the defendant to desist from encroaching on the Baron's manorial rights. Nay, the Baron went so far as to give instructions for an offer to be made to the defendant to reimburse him all his expences, if he would acknowledge himself in the wrong, and promise not to poach the manor in future; this, however, the defendant rejected, and treated with insolence even the Magistrate before whom the information was laid.

Lenient measures being found unavailing, it was judged expedient, on the recommendation of the landlord's representative, to prosecute the defendant at law, for sporting unqualified; in consequence, an action was brought against him, the trial of which is the present subject under consideration.

On the trial, the Baron was the only witness examined, and he proved an offence committed by the defendant on the 6th of February last, by sporting with a gun and lurcher.

It is difficult to conjecture how so simple a fact could have given rise to such a torrent of abuse and malignity as flowed from the tongue of Mr. Garrow, in his speech for the defendant. The only questions which could be tried in such an action were, whether the defendant sported with such dogs and engines as the law prohibits to any other than qualified persons? and whether the defendant be qualified or not? Mr. Garrow, however, going not only entirely out of the subject matter before the Court, but also out of the privileged license which in most cases is given too liberally to the bar, thought fit, out of his own mere invention, to address as facts matters which were not only not proved in the cause, but had not even existence; and then to hold up the Baron to ridicule to the Court, and unwarrantably to wound his feelings as a Gentleman and an Officer.

In the course of the Baron's cross-examination on the trial, (although

though wholly irrelevant to the question before the Court) the *fracas* between the defendant and his wife, at the Baron's house, was brought forward by Mr. Garrow, who, in his speech, had the imprudence to say, that the defendant would have been justified in laying the whip over the Baron's shoulders.

Could any one, possessing the feelings of a gentleman, endure such language (and more particularly in his presence) to be used unpunished?

Mr. Garrow, with a view to hold up the Baron to ridicule, asserted that he expected in his neighbourhood to be styled "his Excellency," and he stated himself to be worth thirty millions a year. These assertions were not only unfounded, but had no relation to the question before the Court. Mr. Garrow asserted, that the Baron, with all the principles of foreign tyranny, came into this country to disturb the peace of families, and to crush English farmers; and endeavoured to make him appear unfit for civil society in this country.

The Baron's feelings on such an unprecedented occasion, may be guessed at; yet apprehensive of offending against the respect due to a public Court of Justice, he nearly addressed the following words to the Court; viz. "My Lord—in answer to Mr. Garrow's vile calumnies, I beg leave merely to state, that the whole of what he said was only a compound of personal, vile, gross, infamous *lies*."

Soon after the trial, the Baron went to the Star Inn, Maidstone; from whence he sent the following note to Mr. Garrow; viz.

"*Star Inn, Maidstone, three o'clock afternoon.*

"General Hompesch, trusting that Mr. Garrow will, on reflexion, admit that the personal abuse he thought fit to introduce so abundantly against him on Sherwood's trial was unfounded, expects that he will, in the same Court, and before the same persons where the insult was given, acknowledge that it was under an erroneous impression.

"The General will remain today in Maidstone, at the Star Inn, waiting Mr. Garrow's determination."

The Baron waited the whole of the day, but not having received from Mr. Garrow any answer to his note, he called the next day on one of the Gentlemen of the Bar who was concerned in the trial, where an intimation was given, that an acceptable accommodation might be offered on the part of Mr. Garrow; but as the Baron was from there returning to his apartments, he was taken before the Mayor, and, on the oath of Mr. Garrow, that his life was in danger, he was held to bail to keep the peace towards Mr. Garrow.

From circumstances that have occurred in consequence, the Baron having reason to suspect that a *suitable* apology would have been made to him, he had hitherto abstained from any publication on the subject; nay, he had carried his forbearance so far as to express himself ready to submit the case to referees; but upon this Mr. Garrow having refused, apprehensive of an arbitration which his conscience boded must decide against him, the Baron can but recite the stated facts, and (without entering further into newspaper discussion) finally laments that the respect he has for the laws, prevents him from inflicting the merited chastisement on one who, wantonly wounding a gen-

gentleman's feelings, deserves and tamely receives the lie, and meanly sheltering himself under the protection of the law, what he has incurred by his slanderous falsehoods endeavours to elude by his cowardice.

The following pun subsequently appeared in the *Morning Post*, and which we publish for no other purpose than to explain the letter that succeeds it, and which was inserted in the same paper of the 20th instant.

THE PUN.

The point of honour between Counsellor Garrow and Baron Hompesch having been proposed to be referred to two General Officers, the former replied, that he had no sort of objection, and begged leave to name, on his part, the Attorney and Solicitor *Generals !*

TO THE EDITOR OF THE MORNING POST.

Sir—Observing in your paper of Saturday, a *ludicrous* allusion to the quarrel subsisting between Baron Hompesch and Mr. Garrow, I cannot refrain from offering you a few *serious* thoughts on a subject which deserves very different mention from a man of your liberal character, and from every Englishman, who, as you do, so uniformly and so zealously, knows how to appreciate the value of those brave Nobles who have made every sacrifice in the cause of honour and loyalty, and to distinguish extraordinary merit, though not of *English growth.*

When the name of the Nobleman in question is associated with those ideas, no military man acquainted with his exploits in the service of this country, will deny the suitableness of the association—bravery and the name of Hompesch being ever assimilated. How much, therefore, Sir, does it behove you, under the present state of this country, to shew to Europe, that no advantage may be taken of such a character *merely because he is a foreigner.*

Although our connexion with the Continent be materially altered, yet it is to be hoped we are not to forfeit our character for candour and hospitality, and after inducing so many of the noblest and bravest heroes in various parts of Europe to embark in our cause, *now* that the common enemy rules with paramount sway, indulge in libellous and scandalous reflexions upon them, merely because they are *not English.*

I am led to those reflexions by a reference to the expressions used by Mr. Garrow on the trial which has caused the quarrel between two characters so much distinguished in their respective walks of life; viz. that " No *English* gentleman would have acted as Baron Hompesch did." How painful, nay, how agonising to the feelings of a gallant soldier, who had on so many perilous occasions exposed his life in the service of this country, must such language have proved—language calculated to excite every vulgar prejudice and every base passion against him, on an occasion when his honour and character were immediately exposed to the influence of popular prejudice and passion.

Passing over the allusion to the duel in which Baron Hompesch was reluctantly engaged, and in which he acquitted himself with scrupulous regard to the most liberal rules of honour, any allusion to which was, by the bye (to use the technical phrase), *travelling out of*

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the record—the whole of Mr. Garrow's address to the Jury bore so hard upon the Baron's character, and so much outraged his feelings both as a Soldier and a Gentleman, that any expressions of resentment may be excused under such provocations. Surely, then, after a sufficient time has elapsed to permit reason to resume her sway, it may be hoped that the learned Gentleman will feel it a becoming duty to make a suitable reparation to the gallant Officer, in this case, which has occupied so much public conversation. Justice should be done to the aggrieved party.

PUBLICOLA.

COURT MARTIAL AT NEWCASTLE,

ON LIEUTENANT MERCATI,

Of the Royal Cornwall Militia.

A General Court Martial (of which Colonel Lord Brooke, of the Warwickshire Militia, was President) sat at Newcastle, from the 9th to the 16th of September, for the trial of Lieutenant Anthony Mercati, of the Royal Cornwall Militia, upon the following charges preferred against him by Lieutenant Colonel Willyams, of the same Regiment.

Charge First.—For behaving in an irregular and an unofficer-like manner, by tearing and defacing the name and certificate of Ensign Hambly, written on the morning report of the Company on the 26th August, in presence of several Officers of the same Regiment, to the prejudice of good order and military discipline.

Charge Second. — For having signed and delivered in to the Adjutant of the Regiment, at the morning parade of the same day, for the information of the Commanding Officer, a report certifying that he, Lieutenant Mercati, had inspected the arms of the Company to which he was attached, knowing at the same time he had not inspected them, thereby tending to mislead and deceive the Commanding Officer, greatly to the prejudice of good order and military discipline, and tending to render nugatory all orders for the internal regulations of the Regiment.

Upon which charges the Court came to the following decision:—

"The Court having maturely and deliberately weighed and considered what has been offered on the part of the prosecution, as well as what has been brought forward in the prisoner's defence, is of opinion, that the prisoner, Lieutenant Mercati, is *not guilty* of the different charges alledged against him of the same.

"The Court cannot conclude its proceedings without animadverting on the *greatest* and *extraordinary severity* exercised towards Lieutenant Mercati. In support of this opinion, the Court humbly submits to his Majesty's most gracious consideration, that it appears in evidence that the Commanding Officer (Lieut.-Colonel Willyams), had passed over a similar alledged breach of order in one Officer, without taking the smallest public notice of it, while he thought fit to order into *close* arrest, and prefer charges against another, by which he has been *unnecessarily, for the good order and regulation of the Regiment,* brought to a General Court Martial, charged with a breach of an order not promulgated to the Regiment according to the established

established customs of the service."

Approved by the King, and ordered to be read at the head of every Regiment in the service.

MR. MELLISH'S SALE,

AT THE LAST DONCASTER MEETING.

THE Stallion Lexon (9 yrs old), by Delpini, out of Violet, by Shark; to Mr. Howorth, for 255 guineas.

Luck's-All (4 yrs old), by Stamford, out of Marchioness, by Lurcher; for 340 guineas.

Young Hopeful (3 yrs old), by Expectation, out of Heiress, by Highflyer; to Mr. Leaton, for 90 guineas.

The Dam of Didler, Miss Buckle, Agnes, &c. (19 yrs old), by Highflyer, dam by Goldfinder, out of Lady Bolingbroke, by Squirrel; for 80 guineas.—Covered by Eagle.

Lady Brough (6 yrs old), by Stride, dam by Drone, out of Silvia, by Young Marsk; to Colonel Leigh, for 600 guineas.—Covered by Sancho.

The Dam of Flighty, own sister to Fidget (17 yrs old), by Florizel, out of a Match'em mare; to Mr. Prince, for 200gs.—Covered by Sancho.

Miss Buckle (3 yrs old), by Precipitate, out of Didler's dam, for 50 guineas.—Covered by Sir Harry Dimsdale.

A Highflyer Mare (blind); to Mr. Clough, for 70 guineas.—Covered by Sancho.

Glory (5 yrs old), by Coriander, out of Fairy, by Highflyer; for 200 guineas.—Not covered.

A Brown Filly (3 yrs old), by Hambletonian, dam by Trumpator, out of Cinderella, by Dungannon; to Dr. Branson, for 80 guineas.—Not covered.

A Bay Filly (1 yr old), by Delpini, dam by Drone; to Mr. Sitwell, for 150 guineas.

A Bay Colt Foal, by Eagle, out of Flighty's dam (with five engagements); to Lord Darlington, for 105 guineas.

A Bay Filly Foal, by Don Quixote, dam by Highflyer; for 115 guineas.

Staveley, Osier, Cock-Robin, Levant, Favourite, and eleven others, were not sold.

WANTON DESTRUCTION OF GAME.

MR. EDITOR,

A Thoughtless and unnecessary propensity exists among many, to destroy indiscriminately all the game that happens to fall in their way: now as these wanton outrages are highly injurious to true sporting, permit me to express a few remarks on the subject, through the medium of your excellent Magazine.

In my younger years, I was governed by the same maxim which now prevails amongst most young men, namely, "Another will kill what I do not." The spirit of murder encouraged by this motto, led me daily into the field, and I thought myself a considerable sportsman if, by killing a pregnant hare, I shot six or seven. I am now withheld from these, and other follies of my youth, by age and infirmities, and can easily conceive that the Great Dispenser of earthly blessings has given us every thing for our use, but nothing with the liberty of abusing it. Much game wantonly

wantonly killed, many fish caught in close nets, and at the time of spawning, are scandalous superfluities. The whole kingdom has cause to complain of such extravagance; and if these excesses continue, succeeding sportsmen will be very little obliged to their present predecessors.

Should these few observations tend to regulate any of the abuses complained of, much satisfaction will be felt by

AN OLD SPORTSMAN.

PIGEON SHOOTING.

A Match of Pigeon-shooting took place, on Wednesday, Sept. 16, in the neighbourhood of Virginia-water, between Mr. Thorn, a shot of celebrity and a sporting character, and Holmes, a gamekeeper, who won a 50l. match, at Heston, a few weeks since. This was for 100 guineas, at 19 birds, from a trap at 21 yards distance. Each of the sportsmen missed his first bird; Mr. Thorn killed the 14 successive birds, missing his 15th, and the 16th, which was hit hard, fell out of the bounds, and the other three were brought to bag. Holmes missed his 4th and 16th birds, and the 19th bird, which, when dead, only made a tie of it, gave rise to a dispute, an out-scout having killed it within bounds, (100 yards distance from the trap) it having been hit hard by Holmes, but it would most likely have gone off. The parties agreed to refer the bird in dispute to the *Old Hats* Club: but they continued to shoot at single birds to decide the match, subject to the decision of the above club, regarding the dispute. Mr. Thorn killed three birds, and the keeper missed his third, which settled the match without a reference.

HUNTING IN COACHES.

A curious Extract from the Writings of Dr. Smollet.

IN the character of the French, considered as a people, there are, undoubtedly, many circumstances truly ridiculous. "You know," says Dr. Smollet, "the fashionable people, who go a hunting, are equipped with their jack-boots, bag-wigs, swords, and pistols; but I saw, the other day, a scene still more grotesque. On the road to Choisi, a *fiacre,* or hackney-coach, stopped, and out came five or six men, armed with muskets, who took post, each behind a separate tree. I asked our servant who they were, imagining they might be archers, or footpads of justice in pursuit of some malefactors. But guess my surprise, when our coachman told me they were gentlemen *a-la-chasse.* They were, in fact, come out from Paris in this equipage, to take the diversion of hare-hunting, that is, of shooting from behind a tree at the hares that chanced to pass. Indeed, if they had nothing more in view but to destroy the game, this was a very effectual method; for the hares are in such plenty in that neighbourhood, that I have seen a dozen together in the same field. I think this way of hunting in a coach or chariot might be properly adopted at London in favour of the Aldermen of that City, who are too unwieldy to follow the hounds on horseback."

This latter remark of our author is, however, grown stale; our Aldermen and wealthy Citizens are now growing men of fashion and spirit apace, and most of them can follow a pack of hounds, or course a hare, with the best-bred gentry in the kingdom.

N.

SPORTING INTELLIGENCE.

AT the last Doncaster Meeting, Mr. E. L. Hodgson sold Miltonia, by Patriot, to Mr. Cave Browne, for 500gs; and Lord Darlington sold the Brother to Bumper, by St. George, to Mr. Sitwell.

AT the Carlisle Meeting, which commenced on the 29th ult. Mr. William Hutchinson refused 1000gs for *Harmless*, by St. George, out of Mary, by Young Marsk.—Harmless has won, this year, 50l. at Beverley, 50l. at Preston, 55gs at Knutsford, 50l. at Ormskirk, the King's Plate and 100gs Plate at Carlisle.

HIS R. H. the Prince of Wales's *Orville* has proved himself the best aged horse in the kingdom:—He was the first of Beningbrough's get that started, and is now eight years old.—He was bred by Lord Fitzwilliam; his dam, called Evelina, by Highflyer, out of Termagant, by Tantrum, son of Cripple, sire of the famous Gimcrack.—*Termagant* was also the dam of Pewett, that bred the two noted runners Sir Paul and Paulina. *Cripple* was own brother to Creeper and Cygnet, by Lord Godolphin's Arabian; dam, Mr. Panton's Blossom, by Crab, Childers, out of Miss Belvoir, by Grantham.—*Cygnet* got the dam of Flimnap, Florizel, Bourdeaux, Sting, &c.—*Termagant's* dam, was Cantatrice, by Sampson, Regulus, out of Old Marsk's dam, by Mr. Hatton's Blacklegs.

ON Friday the 2d instant, the annual Hunt Ball took place at Chepstow, which was attended by the principal nobility and gentry of the country; we scarcely recollect to have ever seen so much beauty assembled on any similar occasion. The ball was opened by Captain Lewis, of St. Pierre (the Comptroller), and the beautiful and elegant Lady Errol, who was followed by her lovely sister; about fifteen couple succeeded, but the numbers increasing rapidly, made it necessary to divide into two sets.—About one o'clock, the company, consisting of above one hundred persons, sat down to a supper composed of every delicacy of the season, provided by the members of the hunt. Pines and grapes were liberally supplied by the hospitable owner of Piercefield. After supper the merry dance was resumed, and the company reluctantly separated about four, highly gratified with the amusement afforded them by the gentlemen of the hunt, and every tongue loud in praise of the order and regularity maintained by the Comptroller.

Among the company we noticed—

Lord Arthur Somerset and Sir Charles Morgan, the members for the county; Lord and Lady Errol; Mr. Wells, of Piercefield, with his lovely and interesting Lady; Mr. and Mrs. Lewis, and family, of St. Pierre; Mrs. Bragge Bathurst; Sir Robert and the Misses Salusbury; Sir Henry and Lady Cosby; Mr. and Mrs. Lettsom, of the Mount; Captain and Mrs. Pullen; Mr. and the Miss Buckles, and a long *et cetera* of beauty and fashion, which we regret

regret our limits will not permit us to enumerate.

Perthshire Hunt.—The Annual Meeting of this Hunt commenced on Wednesday, the 30th ult. when the town experienced an influx of genteel company; among whom were, the Duke of Athol, the Earl of Mansfield, Lord James Murray, Lord Kinnaird, the Hon. Mr. Macdonald, Sir Patrick Murray, &c. &c.—On Thursday and Friday there were hack races, which afforded some sport. The last day, a most unfortunate accident happened; the scaffold erected on the race-course for the accommodation of the Stewards of the Hunt, gave way soon after the horses had started, and all the spectators upon it, among whom were his Grace the Duke of Athol and some other persons of distinction, were precipitated to the ground. A scene of great confusion was exhibited for some minutes; but we are happy to state, that only two persons were seriously hurt. We understand the gentry of the Hunt collected above 30l. the same evening, for the relief of the sufferers.

Last month, a fine horse, the property of Mr. Elen, of Gaddesden, Herts, was stung to death by hornets. The animal was loose in a field, and to shade himself from the heat of the sun, had retired under the branches of a tree, in which was a hornet's nest.—It is supposed he had, from being teized with flies, disturbed their habitation, and that the whole swarm had attacked him at the same time. The poor beast was discovered the following morning lying on the ground, in a very debilitated state, and a number of these revengeful insects flying about him. There was little prospect of his recovery, and as no one had sufficient temerity to venture near him, he was suffered to remain till night, when the hornets left him dead. It is impossible to describe the dreadful havoc they had made on every part of the animal.

A poney race, of 15 miles for 60 guineas, took place on the 16th of September, on the Bagshot road. The animals belonged to Captain Barnard, of the 7th regiment, and a Mr. Nook, of Eversley. The poney belonging to the former, named Talleyrand, was the favourite; but Bagpipe, belonging to the latter gentleman, won. The winner did the match in one hour and three minutes. Six to four was the betting at starting.

On Friday, Sept. 18, was run on Parkhurst race-ground, in the Isle of Wight, a match between Mr. Booty's bay mare Dublin Sal, *alias* Goldfinder, and Mr. Sanders's chesnut horse Never Win, for 100 guineas, which was won by the former, and by which the knowing ones were eased of a few hundreds.

At Falconer's Hall, Yorkshire, the following extraordinary circumstance lately took place. A litter of beagles, three couple, sucking their dam, were missing for about half an hour; no account could be obtained of them, when some passengers said they had seen a hare, and that some little hounds were following her track not far from the road, in the way to Sherborne. They were followed by some gentlemen and servants, and actually found about two miles off, giving tongue like old hounds. It is to be observed, that they were littered close to a whin bed; indeed it nearly surrounded them, and where hares abound. The blood of this litter,

litter, we understand, is well known to the first sportsmen in England. Their sire is the noted Merryman: their dam Dido, held as invaluable as Lord Whitworth's Pack, which Colonel Thornton purchased.

On Saturday, the 26th ult. there was racing on Soberton Down, when Captain Harding's roan gelding beat Major Legertwood's grey gelding, for fifty guineas.—Captain Harding's brown gelding beat Captain Parker's grey gelding, for fifty guineas.—Captain Cooper's bay gelding beat Major Legertwood's bay gelding, for fifty guineas.

At Beccles Races, the gentlemen's plate of 50l. was won by Captain Macnamara's Regulator, beating Mr. Ladbroke's Peregrine. A sweepstakes of 50l. was won by Sir C. Bunbury's b. c. Spy, beating Major Wilson's brother to Lucan, and four others; but in consequence of the entrance money not having been paid before starting, the stakes were allotted to Major Wilson's colt. The sport on the first day (Wednesday) was excellent; but owing to the rain, there was but a thin attendance of company. The fineness of the weather, however, on the following day, attracted to the race-ground a concourse of spectators almost unprecedented, both as to number and fashion.—The sweepstakes of 50gs. each, was won by Major Wilson's colt by Whiskey, beating Mr. Emden's b. f. Highland-Lass.—A match of 50gs. was also run for and won by Mr. Emden's Miss Prince, beating Major Wilson's brother to Lucan.—The town plate of 50l. was not run for; but a match between Captain Bacon's Little Sally and Mr. Emden's Pantaloon, was won by the former, by half a neck.

Another match of Single-stick Playing took place, on Monday the 28th ult. in the eastern part of Hampshire, at the village of Crossgate, between a couple of celebrated professors from Somersetshire and a couple from Wilts, for a prize of ten guineas. After a great deal of sanguinary diversion had been displayed, Ward and Cox, men from each county, became the victors, having vanquished Woodcock and Gilmore. A second match followed, between two men from Hampshire against two from Gloucestershire, which was won by Davis and Hunt, belonging to the former county, after an obstinate contention on both sides. The winners, men from Wiltshire and Somersetshire, postponed the day when the trial for the honour of their counties should take place.—It was, on the whole, better playing than at Botley.

Our readers will be enabled to form a more competent idea of the late battle at Newmarket, when we assure them, from unquestionable authority, that for some minutes previous to the termination of the contest, the amateurs present could not bear to look upon the miserable victims of their sport, and that Belcher, the celebrated professor, to use the words of our informant, "cried like a child!"

The spirit of pugilism is now strongly prevalent among the lower class of females. On Saturday the 17th instant, two *poissardes* fought a pitched battle in Newport Market for a quart of cordial. After the demolition of caps and hats, several butchers *humanely* interfered, parted the heroines, and partook of the geneva, the money for which had been previously deposited.

Ano-

Astonishing Speed.— Curley, the Brighton shepherd, undertook the beginning of this month, for a wager of twenty guineas, to run a mile in four minutes, as it was given out, in Hyde Park; but the race took place on Clapham Common, to the disappointment of some hundreds of persons, who assembled in the Park. The pedestrian was to perform the mile at four starts, in the space of three hours. He went the first quarter of a mile in a minute, and after taking some rest, he performed alternately the other quarters in less than three minutes, having won the match by a few seconds. He reserved a few seconds over the time for the last quarter of a mile, having done the third with astonishing speed. The odds were on the performance before starting.

A double kind of foot-race was run, on Wednesday the 30th ult. at Newington, between Mr. Wyatt, a gentleman of fortune, who resides in the New Road, Mary-le-bone, and Mr. Humphreys, of Acton.—The distance was two miles, for 25 guineas, and another 25 guineas was betted by Mr. Wyatt, that he performed the distance in thirteen minutes. The couple ran well together for a mile, Mr. Humphreys having taken the lead, closely followed by his adversary. The mile was performed in a few seconds under the six minutes, and whilst running the last mile, Mr. Wyatt pushed, and took the lead, which he kept, and won the race easily. Mr. Humphreys having found it impossible for him to pass his opponent, resigned the match whilst going the last half mile. The winner of the race beat time also, by half a minute.

Match against Time.—It has been stated, that a Mr. Jaques undertook, for a wager of 100 guineas, to go the distance of 50 miles in eight hours and ten minutes, and that Saturday, October 3, was appointed for the performance. At about five o'clock in the morning of that day, Mr. J. commenced his journey, on a piece of ground leading from the back of the third Hounslow Heath towards Bedfont, on which he was to perform the fifty miles on a circumference of about three miles. He, however, from the wetness of the night preceding, did the quarter of his journey on more solid ground, by making his tour six miles out. He went nearly seven miles the first hour, 13 in two hours, and 20 in three hours; and half the distance was performed in three hours and 50 minutes, which was 15 minutes less than half the time. The pedestrian here drank some mulled wine, and rested, having still 12 miles to perform in two hours and 20 minutes, which he accomplished. Mr. Jaques appeared a little fatigued after having gone 30 miles, but he won, quite fresh, and had ten minutes to spare.

Thursday night, the 7th instant, about eleven o'clock, a race was run on the new military road, between Mr. P—e and Mr. N—m, both of Chatham. Mr. P. was to run 50 yards, carrying a sack of oats, while Mr. N. was to run 100 yards, unincumbered by any load. The race was won by the former.

On Sunday, the 10th instant, a man of the name of Keeley, aged 54, undertook, for a wager of five guineas, to go on foot, from Shoreditch Church to Ponder's-end, and back again, in two hours. He started at six o'clock in the morning, reached Ponder's-end at six

 minutes

minutes before seven, stopped ten minutes to refresh, when he started, and arrived in three minutes less than the time allowed; the whole distance being seventeen miles.

On Tuesday, the 13th instant, a foot-match of ten miles was run on the Norwich-road, near Newmarket, between Mr. W. E. junior, of Newmarket, and Mr. W. W. of the same place, for twenty guineas a side, which was won by the latter, who ran the distance in one hour and thirteen minutes, the former having declined the contest at the end of the first seven miles.—the Saturday following, Mr. W. W. also ran four miles against four men, one mile each, which proved a dead heat. Mr. W. W. is going into training under Captain Barclay, being a very promising pedestrian.

The same day, at Worthing, in Sussex, a boy, only nine years old, for a trifling wager, undertook to run a mile in six minutes, on the road between Worthing and Broadwater. After having run the whole distance, a dispute took place between the parties, one of them stating that he was six minutes and a half in performing it. The boy, however, to settle the dispute, ran it over again, and won by a few seconds. After which, a gentleman present offered to bet a considerable sum, that he would run two miles in fourteen minutes, but the bet was not accepted.

On Monday, the 18th instant, a foot-race, for ten guineas, was run near Manchester, between a cotton-spinner and a hatter of that town; when (shameful to say) the former being the best runner, was stopped, at about a quarter of a mile after starting, by a friend of the latter.—The spinner, however, knocking down the invader, *fell over him*, rose again, and actually beat his antagonist by upwards of 40 yards, the whole being one mile, and which the winner ran in four minutes and an half.

On Tuesday, October 26, a race was run on Kennington Common, between a master butcher and a publican, both of St. Mary's Newington; the butcher to carry a bullock-driver on his back, of 12 stone, 50 yards, while the publican ran 100 yards. The race was won with great ease by the former.

Game has been so abundant in the neighbourhood of Petworth and Midhurst, that one gentleman near the latter place had killed, in the first three weeks of September, upwards of 120 brace of partridges! The same gentleman has this season killed in one day more pheasants than he could spread in his kitchen, which is a large room, without laying them one upon another.

Mr. M——, who by the death of an uncle became possessed of a princely fortune, is said to have lost no less a sum than 40,000l. by play, in the course of the two preceding winters. His gentlemanly habits and good sense, aided by such dear-bought experience, must teach him the propriety of being no longer the dupe of the *needy* and *designing*.

Wonderful instance of Fecundity.—Mr. Cooper, of Bressingham, Norfolk, killed a hare on the 30th of September, of a very large size; upon hulking her, she proved to have four brace and a half of leverets, all of equal full size, and within a day or two of casting.

At Dunningworth-Hall Auction, Suffolk, cart horses sold at unprecedented high prices; the first team, of five, fetched 271l. 17s. and a brood mare with foal at foot, 70l. 7s.

POETRY,

POETRY.

THE HIGH COURT OF DIANA.

THE HARE'S ELEGY,

TAKEN FROM HER OWN MOUTH.

To the Publisher of the Sporting Magazine.

TO-MORROW I shall send you, by the *Bury* Coach, a Hare: she will present you with some stanzas, called *The Hare's Elegy, taken from her own mouth by the hand of the Publisher.*—You will then please to remember to examine her inside, and though dumb, she will yield you the following mute language of her own.

AT ease, in health and vigour, yesterday,
Squat on my form, I took a short repose;
Secur'd from sight, I thought I safely lay,
Slept half an hour, nor dream'd of mortal foes.

Smooth was my couch, well shelter'd over head,
A sloping bank the western side protects,
Small wood and rushes palisade the bed,
The winding doorway to the east projects.

My friends were all upon a neighb'ring bank,
I nightly saw, and gambol'd by their side;
Young Jack, a hare of spirit, birth, and rank,
Meant soon to take me for his bonny bride.

What pleasing scenes revolv'd within my mind,
Of past escapes, of future bliss in store;
The field of herbs, where I might shortly find
Delicious food, and seated near my door!

When rustling sounds arous'd my wakeful ears—
'Twas fawning Sylvia, frisking near my side;
Her tell-tale tongue alarm'd my native fears:
No longer dar'd I on my form abide.

I jump'd, I flew, from my disturb'd retreat,
Nor cast one anxious, longing look behind;
Safety, I thought, was still within my feet,
So off I went, fleet as the passing wind.

Delusive hopes! vain efforts of my speed!
The sportsman, ready arm'd, stood in the rear;
Death, in a moment, did my flight impede,
Ere my keen ears the fatal sound could hear.

Exultingly he cry'd, thy race is run,
And, pleas'd, applauds his well-known steady aim;
He took me up, re-charg'd the murd'rous gun,
And Sylvia sent to start some other game.

The day declines, he homeward bends his way,
And there displays the triumphs of his toil;
His bosom friend says, "Great's your luck to-day,"
And well rewards him with a gracious smile.

Of me, a present both agreed to make
To their poor neighbour, rich in such a friend;

They

They call'd the boy, my stiff'ning form
to take
To the thatch'd cottage at their garden's
end.

Cool as a grotto is the humble ceil,
Of little has the poor recluse to boast;
That little gives content, and he does
well,
Tho' seldom smokes his board with
boil'd or roast.

How like a useless alien did I look!—
The fire scarce smok'd, the chimney
has no jack,
And what's far worse, poor man, he had
no cook,
To truss me seemly with a spreading
back.

Yet still a kind reception did I meet
From the recluse, who call'd me snug
and pretty;
"Poor puss," said he, "I will direct
your feet
To London great, imperial, trading
City.

There lives a friend, whose hospitable
door
Stands ready open to receive each guest;
There men of business, or distress'd and
poor,
Do daily find an easy, free access.

See I'm arriv'd, attending on your will;
Am all submission, make me what
you please;
I'll help your table any day to fill—
Nought shall offend, or once disturb
my ease.

Let cook fine bread with sav'ry spices
mix
And temper well, my empty frame to
fill;
My outstretch'd limbs in their due order
fix,
And stay my head and neck with care
and skill.

In taste and style genteel let me be
dress'd,
And plac'd on dish in order just and
meet,
While smoking gravy, flowing of the best,
Shall tempt each friend of my remains
to eat.

When I'm dissected, you'll my parts dis-
perse—
To one a slice, or to the next a leg;
Then eat yourself, while they my praise
rehearse;
But let some Wit have head and brain,
I beg.

There he may trace the labyrinths of
thought,
The mazy foldings of the pliant brains;
Think, pick, and pore—but while such
treasure's sought,
He'll find at last there's little for his
pains.

Still man was born to think as well as
eat,
And therefore nicely nature's works
should scan:
Mark how the senses ramify and meet
In the poor hare, as in the mighty
man!

The cloth remov'd, some stayed and so-
cial friend,
Of conversation neither vain nor loose,
May modestly my qualities commend,
And drink one glass of gen'rous port
to Puss.

A. BROWN.

Stambourn, Oct. 15, 1807.

THE

DISCONTENTED RABBIT.

A Tale.

A Rabbit, who had all his life been pent
Within a hutch, at length grew dis-
content;
And having nothing else to do,
Amus'd himself in meditation
On a poor rabbit's luckless situation,
Compar'd with other animals he knew.

"Alas! (he cried) how many ills I bear,
And what a happy dog is yonder hare!
He roves through wood or field, content-
ed, free;
He has no cares or troubles, none at
all;
He can see life, enjoy society,
And when he pleases give his friends a
call.

For food, no human tyrant's aid he needs,
But as, through gardens, in and out he
pops,
On what best suits his taste he freely
feeds—

On

On cabbage now, and now on turnip-
tops:
Whilst I, with these infernal bars beset,
Must be content with any thing I get.

Yet why should I
Thus tamely bear the loss of liberty,
Whom nature has as proper to be free
As he?
It surely never was by nature meant
That I in this vile prison should be
cramm'd:
I'll not endure it—no, if I consent
To bear it any longer, I'll be d—d!
But how shall I escape my keeper's
clutch?
I have it—when he opens next my hutch,
Instead of sitting tamely as a dolt,
I'll slily make a spring, and out I'll bolt."
The opportunity occurr'd;
And Bunny really kept his word.

And now, from all restraint set free,
He frisk'd about with wond'rous glee,
Till with his exercise he hungry grew;
Then food he sought, and found enough,
But found it very sorry stuff
To what he'd been accustom'd to.
To grumble now, however, 'twas too late,
So quietly he ate.—
Just so the rake in holy fable,
Who us'd in style to sit at table,
And off all sorts of dainties dine,
Till he turn'd wicked sinner,
And then was forc'd to mess with filthy
swine,
Or go, as he deserv'd, without his dinner.

At last he met the envied Hare,
And, vaunting, told the whole affair
Of his escape, no doubt expecting praise,
And begg'd to know how best to spend
his days;
Requesting, too, his kind advice,
If he again should stand in need of food,
As 'twas most probable he shou'd,
Where he might get a bit of something
nice.
Puss shook his head—"The scheme
you'll rue,"
Says he, "or I am much mistaken,
Of having a good home forsaken,
To try a life, of which you nothing knew.
How could you such a thing design?
You foolish fellow! how imagine
That you were suited to engage in
A state so arduous as mine.

"A thousand terrors, guns, hounds,
snares,
Against us Hares,
Are by the human race employ'd,
Which you ne'er learnt the cunning to
avoid.

"Besides, you are not to be told,
It soon will grow confounded cold,
And you can ne'er your tender hide ex-
pose
To frost and snows.
Upon my soul, I fear you'll feel it much;
For you must be unseason'd to the
blast,
You who have all your winters pass'd
Within a nice warm comfortable hutch.

"The while you may, my counsel take,
And to your keeper straight go back,
His pardon humbly to implore,
And tell him you'll do so no more."
He scarce had ended, when the sudden
cry
Of a loud yelping pack,
Approaching briskly at his back,
Oblig'd him hastily to fly.

Puss, doubtless, tipp'd them all the dou-
ble,
Or gave, at least, the hounds some trou-
ble;
But finding such an easy prey,
They snapp'd up Bunny in their way.

A two-fold moral is convey'd,
That should with double praise be paid.
Imprimis, you are made to learn
How folks, of discontented turn,
Of ev'ry state they have not tried
Can only see the pleasant side.
You next are taught, by Bunny's fate,
Your powers not to over-rate:
He vainly thought himself a Hare—
Think yourself only—what you are.

THE SPORTSMAN's ACCUSATION, AND APOLOGY.

HARK! I hear the murd'rous gun;
Now the sport of death is done.
Say, can the man that hath pretence
To reason's proud pre-eminence,
For whom all bounteous Nature pours
Pure pleasure from her varied stores,
Thus glut his soul with savage joy,
And boast the pleasure to destroy?
Brother Sportsman, gentle friend,
If thou canst, thy sport defend.

SPORTS-

SPORTSMAN'S REPLY.

I would not summon sophistry
To plead for cold barbarity;
But deem me not to pity dead,
If truth in this defence be said.
With gen'ral voice let sportsmen trace
The keenest raptures of the chase;
'Tis not the agony of death,
The trembling limbs, and struggling breath,
The panting pangs of sad despair,
The last poor efforts of the hare;
Or when the patridge on the ground
Lies flutt'ring with his fatal wound;
At which the Sportsman's raptures rise,
At which the woods return his cries;—
But 'tis that health redoubled glows,
When life's warm blood more freely flows;
'Tis that his nerves are brac'd with toil,
Unfelt whilst eager for his spoil:
His active motions then declare
His spirits light as morning air.
'Tis in the curious pleasure found
To mark the keen sagacious hound,
And oft his clam'rous joy to hear,
Whene'er the scented game is near.
'Tis to direct the dext'rous aim,
More swift than flight of swiftest game.
It is to feel th' impatient steed
Spurn the plain with eager speed.
It is to hear the echoing horn
Gaily rouse the slumb'ring morn.
'Tis to join the chearful cry,
Whilst in the hot pursuit we fly,
And see the pack their joy betray
When darting on their captive prey.
Then, home returning, share the feast
To which sharp hunger gives a zest;
Yet more, that ardent sympathies
Then warm in every bosom rise,
With glow instinctive of delight,
Which bids all artless hearts unite;
And drives away the cares of state,
And fretful pangs, and envious hate;
Makes each tumultuous passion rest:—
Such peace of soul is surely blest!

AN IRISH AUCTION BILL.

To be sold by public cant,
A picture of my Aunt,
In a worm-eaten frame
(A comical dame).—
A jug with one ear;
Not certain it can hear.—
Three bottles of whiskey,
But they won't make you frisky.
For they're empty, alas!
Such things come to pass:
If full of good liquor,
I know they'd sell quicker.—
A good feather-bed,
As weighty as lead.—
A table with a wooden leg,
Just ready to beg.—
An old copper kettle,
Made, I think, of bell-metal.—
A clock without a flaw,
Bound over to the law,
For it never dare strike:
You cannot see the like.—
With a thousand things beside,
For convenience and pride,
Full worthy of attention,
Which at present we can't mention.

LINES,

ADDRESSED TO MISS LONG, A LITTLE LADY.

Where any thing abounds, we find
That nobody will have it:
But when there's *little* of the kind
Don't all the people crave it?

The God of Love's a *little* wight,
But beautiful as thought:
Thou, too, art *little*—fair as light,
And ev'ry thing in *short*.

O! happy girl! I think thee so,
For mark the poet's song—
" Man wants but *little* here below,
And wants that little Long."

THE CHARIOTEER.

AN EPIGRAM.

——— *melaque fervidis*
Evitata rotis. HOR.

In Park to drive, with dashing stroke,
His chariot till the wheels quite smoke,
Rapid to turn each corner clear,
And make the *Sunday-folk* all stare,
Is Squire *Sapscull's* chief ambition,
And highest point of all fruition.

" Jack—while I'm driving with such fire,
Listen to hear the folk's discourses."—
" I do, Sir, and they all admire
Your honour's *carriage* and the *horses*."